

COMEBACK: LIFELONG DISEASE CURED

A Guide

by

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Preface

My name is Aaron Garrison, and little else about me is important. I am not a doctor, or even a college graduate. In fact, my character presents no obvious reason to trust a word I say. Consider this equal parts introduction and disclaimer (the first of many disclaimers in this book, as it were).

What I *am*, however, is a man who has been intensely ill, then successfully healed himself using the treatment outlined in this book.

My health's history is complicated, and mysterious. So, as with my background, I won't say much about my illness at this point, because not too much is known about it. Not that I haven't tried to learn; in the final ten years of my sickness, I spent hundreds of hours and thousands of dollars trying to figure things out, whether in research, self-analysis, or consultation with various doctors and individuals. Yet answers were scarce. Many specifics remain unknown, even after my cure.

Really, my illness boils down to this: by the age of twenty, I was a very sick young man. I hadn't been in such good shape before that age, mind you, for I'd been ill to various degrees since adolescence (though my illness was, at that time, mistaken for other things); rather, my twentieth year was only a turning point, when my health became too bad to ignore, or be mistaken for anything other than what it was. Eventually, years after the fact, I learned that I had three primary ailments: mercury poisoning, parasites, and an opportunistic infection that had permeated much of my body, including vital organs and the brain (an infection which remains to this day unknown, though I have a list of suspects, including Lyme disease and *candida* yeast overgrowth). There were other problems, some mild and some significant, but these were mere outgrowths of the three primary offenders.

As for which illness came first, or was a bigger contributor to my downturn, I don't know; and, ultimately, it doesn't matter. All that *does* matter is that those three debilitating ailments conspired to destroy my health in a way not possible individually, in a synergistic matter, creating something greater than the sum of their parts. The triad of mercury poisoning, parasites, and systemic infection first damaged my body in immeasurable ways, but then, as importantly, they prohibited any *repair* of that damage, due to their combined force. In that sense, it was the perfect illness, so firmly entrenched and self-reinforcing as to deflect any attempt at healing, even after I knew what I was dealing with.

For these reasons, I spent years treating mere individual, outgrowth conditions (if not just taking random shots in the dark), rather than attacking the root of the problem. Even when I learned what was truly wrong with me, then graduated to specific, appropriate treatments (including powerful protocols which had resolved some difficult cases), I still failed beyond only slight, symptomatic improvement. Again and again, I would formulate new and improved treatments based on years of research and self-observation, only to remain sick and dysfunctional, sometimes to near-unbearable degrees.

No, my case was too exceptional for even advanced treatment. I needed something big, something broad, something as hard-hitting as the brutal complex of illnesses it would target. Thus arose the most comprehensive, longwinded treatment I'd yet to devise, one which would, eventually, undo the knot of illnesses that had enjoyed free reign over my body for much of my life.

That is the treatment outlined in this book, now in your possession.

* * *

The treatment regime worked for me -- after over a full calendar year of daily, disciplined adherence, but work it did. Though, is that to say it will work for *you*?

I can't answer that question, for any number of reasons. For one, healthcare is highly subjective, and highly complex (more than many people would like to think). I'd love to make bold, attractive claims of universal success, but I won't, because I'm too much a realist. There are plenty of reasons why my treatment could serve me but fail you. What if, for all the treatment's potential, it just doesn't address your particular problem? Or, what if it *does*, but not sufficiently enough to yield significant results? For all I know, this treatment's success is limited to people with conditions similar to my own (if not strictly to myself and my unique physiology).

There's also the question of safety -- is the treatment even *safe* for others? I can't presently answer that one, either, for it depends so much on the individual, as to forbid me from making the slightest of promises. With this in mind, I must extend the obligatory advice: consult a doctor before attempting this treatment (though, if you're at the point of requiring said treatment, most doctors probably won't be able to do much for you). Consider this, also, a disclaimer, that I make no warranties or guarantees as to the effectiveness of the practices contained in this book, expressed or implied.

However, with that said, I am optimistic about this treatment proving helpful for at least *someone*, to *some* degree. In fact, I would not be surprised to see widespread success, if only because of the treatment's general fortification of the body. Here, it bears mentioning that, as best as I can tell, such fortification is the treatment's primary mechanism: to support and correct the body on a fundamental level, rather than addressing individual areas or illnesses. That is, this treatment aims at helping the body to help itself, and for this reason, I believe that many people could see improvement in some shape or form, however minimal. Will that improvement indeed occur? I can't say, but I'd be interested to know.

In any case, I must pass this information along, for what it's worth, in the hope that it might help someone, somewhere. To keep it to myself, after it resolved the sickness responsible for my years of suffering, would be something of a crime.

Part One: Overview

I will now give a brief overview of the original constituents of my super-treatment, with a synopsis of each.

1) Breathing Exercises

Rigorous, deep-breathing exercises done daily, to oxygenate and energize the body. Takes approximately 1.5-2 hours (when practiced in full, after incrementally working up).

This placement on the list is intentional, for these breathing exercises are the cardinal piece of the treatment's puzzle. Without them, I don't believe I would've seen the success that I did, so vital is the drastic, full-body oxygenation the exercises provide.

2) Sweat Therapy

No less than twenty minutes of intense, vigorous sweating by some means, to detoxify the body to a degree difficult or impossible otherwise.

This item is also placed according to importance, for if there is a second lynchpin of the treatment, it's the regular induction of a powerful, cleansing sweat. As the theory goes, such a sweat can rid the body of just about any toxin accumulated from one's environment, including heavy metals and other hard-to-excrete substances. Plus, this is done in one fell swoop, and with minimal discomfort or risk, unlike many detox practices. I originally used hot baths for this purpose, but later switched to an infrared sauna. (Note: the quoted twenty-minute duration is only the time spent actually *sweating*, not sitting in the sauna or bath *waiting* to sweat, which can vary greatly from person to person. In other words, expect this part to take at least an hour, factoring in prep and wait time.)

3) Parasite Cleansing

Extensive removal of parasites and their eggs from the GI tract and vital organs, done at varying lengths and intensities.

You might be thinking, *I don't have parasites, so this part doesn't concern me*. Well, rethink that conclusion, because parasitic infection is more common than typically thought (or so I have reason to believe). Furthermore, the symptoms of parasites, being so varied and broad, are easily mistaken for other conditions, so that parasites often go unrecognized, even if specifically sought out (stool tests are notorious for false negatives). There are good, cheap, full-spectrum parasite cleanses out there, and I would recommend that, if contemplating this treatment, the

reader should undergo at least one round of cleansing (I required constant, alternating rounds of different cleanses, so considerable was my parasite infection). There are many people, sure they could never have parasites, who have found themselves relieved of longtime conditions merely from a good parasite cleanse.

4) The Zapper

An electronic device used to electrify the blood using harmonic frequencies, done daily for approximately an hour. Kills parasites and offers other benefit.

Traditionally, the “Zapper” device has been used as a parasite-cleansing tool; and, indeed, it's been my experience (and that of others) that it works to this effect. However, it's also been my experience that the Zapper has additional health benefits, perhaps significant ones (such as encouraging the production and deployment of white blood cells throughout the body).

5) The Zappicator

An electronic device similar in operation to the Zapper, but employing a different mechanism (magnets rather than wires). Also done for at least an hour a day, applied to problem areas.

Consider the “Zappicator” the Zapper's sibling. Both are nifty little battery-powered gadgets that introduce mild electrical frequencies to the body; their difference lies in how they go about that. Namely, the Zappicator works externally rather than internally, introducing those frequencies by way of charged magnets (instead of the Zapper's direct application via wires). In this way, the Zappicator circumvents the Zapper's primary shortcoming: of not reaching beyond the bloodstream and soft tissues. Thus, the Zappicator allows one to directly target individual organs for electrical zapping, both to kill any parasites there and to induce zapping's general benefits. In my case, the Zappicator was extremely helpful, if not necessary for success.

6) Earthing

Allowing oneself direct contact with the Earth, to various benefit, done daily for an hour or more.

The theory behind “earthing”: that direct, bare-skin contact with the Earth floods the body with negative ions and lends it a negative charge, which supposedly has an anti-inflammatory effect (along with several other valuable benefits). Though I can't personally attest to those things, I can say that, in my experience, earthing has indeed helped me combat

parasites and my unnamed systemic infection, as to supplement my other practices. I earthed largely by way of an indoor-use “earthing pad” which connects to the ground plug of any outlet; however, one can earth just as well (probably better) by just putting bare feet in damp grass.

7) Sunlight

Daily exposure to direct sunlight over as much of the body as possible, for at least 30 minutes a day.

The confirmed benefits of sun exposure are well known -- and that's just what's *known*. That is, I suspect that sun exposure's benefits extend beyond the mere release of vitamin D, as to support various low-level physiological and energetic processes within the body, perhaps to the point of being essential for good health. For me, sunlight went hand in hand with earthing, as I made sure to do both at the same time (which, in my experiments, seemed to produce a synergistic effect, greater than either alone).

8) Diet

A “healthy” diet, adhered to strictly and indefinitely.

It might sound like a simple thing, to “eat right”; but “right” is a destination scarcely defined, and even harder to reach. Presently, the question of just what constitutes a “healthy” diet is a never-ending debate, far from concluded upon in any way. Thus, this book will not attempt to untangle the incredibly complex, ever-changing web of diet facts and advice. Instead, I'll just detail what I have found to be “healthy,” as defined by what worked for me.

9) Exercise

Regular, intensive, well-rounded exercise, for several hours a week.

Like diet, “good” exercise lies at the center of a debate that I don't foresee being settled anytime soon, and is as subjective. Thus, it's largely up to the reader to decide what's “good” for them. Within the confines of this book and the treatment, my definition of “good” is based not just on typical guidelines of respiratory function and muscular activity, but also in terms of *detoxification*, for that is exercise's key role in the treatment, to aid in the elimination of stored toxins and metabolic waste (while speeding metabolism and supporting the body in general, as to supplement the rest of the practices). I followed a regime of moderate weightlifting and brisk walking, approximately an hour at a go, three to five days a week; for

others, however, these numbers can vary in either direction, dependent on any number of factors.

10) Dietary Supplements

Vitamins, minerals, herbs, and oils to support the body during the stresses of detoxing and healing.

This part is probably the most subjective of all, more than even diet and exercise, for there is even less of a standard of “proper” supplementation. With this in mind, I will, simply, list what key supplements I chose to take throughout my personal treatment, rather than recommend or eschew anything.

11) The Rebounder

Regular sessions on a rebounder trampoline, twice daily for ten minutes, to support the lymphatic system.

I was surprised to learn of the rebounder and its purported health benefits, which at first sounded too good to be true. However, upon taking the plunge and trying one, I found it to be every bit as advertised, specifically in regards to aiding lymphatic drainage (one of the body's chief detoxification mechanisms, as it were). In retrospect, the rebounder was another vital component of the treatment, and probably the most unexpected.

12) Colonic Irrigation

Regular clearing of the lower bowel by way of water irrigation, to aid elimination and avoid toxic buildup.

Like parasites and other routinely overlooked health problems, a congested, toxic colon can be a deal-breaker when it comes to healing chronic disease. It was for me, especially after my parasites and mystery infection progressed to the point that I was chronically constipated. This was a debilitating condition in itself, and only improved when I began irrigating my colon. Personally, I did so with simple, daily enemas (taking approximately 30 minutes each), though I have nothing against more-elaborate methods (such as colonics, which I would discover, and espouse, in a later phase of my treatment). There is debate about the safety of daily irrigations, namely regarding atrophy of the intestinal muscles; but I never had this problem (once I healed and irrigation was no longer necessary, I was able to seamlessly resume regular bowel function). A person with truly sterling bowels might be able to consider colonic irrigation optional; most everyone else, however, could probably benefit, perhaps greatly.

13) Rest and Sleep

To properly recharge and recuperate the body, thus maximizing detox and general support.

Yes, believe it or not, over-activity and lack of quality sleep really can destroy one's health. In Western culture, it's commonly joked about, if not outright lauded and glorified, to lose sleep and overexert oneself, as to render it acceptable, innocent behavior in the eyes of many. Some people might fulfill this perception, able to thrive on mere hours of sleep even after extreme exertion; others won't fare so well, and the consequences can be severe (as I learned the hard way). Furthermore, good rest is not quite as straightforward as it might sound, for there is a science behind it, with a certain schedule and technique being far more effective than just resting upon feeling tired. Rather than just saying "Get good rest," I will describe how to strategically rest and sleep in order to provide maximum support for the treatment and its stresses.

14) Chiropractic

To support the spine, nerves, and other delicate internal structures, and the body with them.

Visit any chiropractor, and you'll be greeted with literature promoting a complete pro-chiropractic doctrine, of how the spine and its alignment is vital to good health, and how misalignment can wreak all sorts of havoc, as to manifest in any number of problems. In my experience, this doctrine is essentially accurate, as confirmed to me over years of regular adjustments. For me, chiropractic was optional in the sense that my treatment might still have worked without it; however, I have no doubt that the adjustments expedited the process.

15) Oil Pulling

A morning ritual of swishing oil in the mouth in order to aid detoxification, for approximately twenty minutes first thing upon waking.

I wavered on whether to include oil pulling in this list, with it being another hot-button subject in some circles. Some folks swear by it, claiming that it does everything but cure cancer; others denounce it entirely. I began oil pulling with absolute skepticism, and in my personal experience, it did seem to help detoxification (while simultaneously helping my teeth and gums, to boot), yet I can't conclusively say just how beneficial oil pulling was. So consider this one optional, also. Oil pulling is worthy of mention, but beyond that, I won't make any miraculous claims.

* * *

The preceding list is not quite exhaustive, for there other components to the treatment, too small to warrant mention at this point (and, furthermore, this book includes two adjunct phases of my personal treatment, which helped to finish the job and restore me to full health). This list does, however, name the treatment's prime movers.

Despite its fragmented appearance, the treatment must be seen as a collective, for that's where its strength lies. Essentially, the practices worked twofold: individually (the sauna removing the mercury and other stored toxins; the parasite cleanse working on that front; the breathing exercises repairing damage and energizing the body), as well as in overlap (the sauna and breathing exercises also helping against my infections, for example). But, more important, the practices worked *synergistically*, as to simply support, repair, and invigorate the body so that it may heal itself. The treatment is somewhat modular, so that some parts can be done infrequently (or not at all) without losing much effect; however, there comes a point when that larger, synergistic whole is lost, and effectiveness is undermined. Keep this in mind if you compose a custom treatment.

As for the treatment itself, it is deceptively straightforward in execution, and similarly inexpensive. The main idea is this: do all those things listed above, as much as your body can reasonably tolerate, on a regular schedule, for as long as it takes to get well. Sound easy? Well, "simple" doesn't necessary equate to "easy." Foremost, there's the matter of time. Add up the elapsed times of the individual practices listed above, and you'll note that those alone total over seven hours (not counting the several hours of exercise interspersed throughout the week, or doing anything else period). For me, the greatest challenge was just to fit everything in and still have time to function and take care of myself. Some of the practices can be multitasked, and should be; I did oil pulling while performing morning chores and fixing breakfast, then did the earthing pad while eating that breakfast and doing computer work. But other practices, such as rest or exercise or visiting the chiropractor, aren't so multitask-able, and can mount in time spent. In the end, the treatment can feel like a second job (undergoing the treatment required me to practically quit my day job, to devote both time and energy that just wasn't otherwise there).

Additionally, it must be considered that this excessively time-consuming treatment is done while *detoxing and stressed*, which adds a whole new dimension to the experience. And, with results coming slowly (it took me over a full calendar year before I saw any measurable progress), the treatment reveals itself to be a significant commitment -- still simple, perhaps, though anything but easy. To be frank, completing this treatment was the most difficult thing I'd ever done in my life (after a life of things made difficult by disease).

However, difficult is not impossible. So long as I chose to persevere, I did, and that goes for just about anybody.

To better illustrate the original phase of my treatment, here's what a typical day of it looked like:

8:00 AM: Wake up, do oil pulling while completing morning chores and fixing breakfast

8:30 AM: Eat breakfast while doing earthing pad and computer work

9:30 AM: Go back to bed and rest/detox from the earthing pad's aftereffects (I required this step because the earthing combated my systemic infection, which produced “die-off” toxicity; plus, I was extremely sluggish in the morning anyway)

10:30 AM: Out of bed, to do first ten-minute rebounder trampoline session, followed immediately by enema (to further detox the morning's die-off load); turn on infrared sauna beforehand, to let it warm up

11:00 AM: Get in sauna, taking with me anything that could be effectively multitasked while in a one-person sit-down sauna (though, I tried to use the sauna time for additional rest when possible)

12:00 PM: Out of sauna, begin fixing lunch (multitasking any chores or other things while food cooks)

12:30 PM: Eat lunch while reading, researching, catching up on mail, etcetera (I might've done other chores, but I again tried to just limit my multitasking to reading, if only to aid digestion)

2:00 PM: Go outside for sunning/earthing, weather permitting (while multitasking anything else that can be done from a lawn chair in a yard; usually more reading)

2:30 PM: Finish with lunch and sunning, then do dishes/cleanup and any quick chores

3:00-5:00 PM: Go out to exercise at the gym or walk at the park, followed by running errands, working my part-time job, other chores, or doing anything else required to function (my chiropractic visits and other necessities would also fall into this window, occasionally displacing exercise)

5:30 PM: Home no later than 5:30, to begin second ten-minute rebounder session, followed immediately by applying the luffa (more on this later) and taking a shower

6:00 PM: Clean out my nasal passages using neti pot (an optional practice that I found to help with the breathing exercises), followed immediately by breathing exercises in bed, while simultaneously applying Zappicator machine to various areas of the body

8:00 PM: Finish breathing exercises, then begin preparing dinner

8:30 PM: Eat dinner while doing nighttime computer work and session with Zapper machine (by putting feet on metal pads)

10:00 PM: Do dinner dishes/cleanup, do other chores, then do nightly hygiene

10:30 PM: In bed ideally, as to maximize rest/detox (I'd be in bed absolutely no later than 11:00, no exceptions)

Interspersed throughout this schedule would be various complimentary practices, like dosing supplements (or whatever parasite cleanse I was on at the time), fixing and drinking watermelon seed tea (discussed later, in supplementation section), several small detoxification exercises (also discussed later), and anything else required of me to stay alive and functional. Of course, this sample schedule reflected an ideal, not allowing for the many unexpected curveballs real life can throw one's way, so I would sometimes have to sacrifice something here or there; but, more or less, I followed the above schedule as strictly as possible, every day for a little over a full calendar year (with a more relaxed schedule later on, during the treatment's adjunct phases). It was how I healed lifelong disease when nothing else could.

* * *

A demanding treatment, potentially daunting? Certainly. But, *undoable*? No, even if you can't devote as much time as I did (such as from, say, the need to work fulltime or care for children).

Remember: that was the full-blown treatment, and done according to my needs. That is, I had to do *everything*, and *daily*, in order to conquer the multiple, deeply entrenched illnesses I possessed. Someone else, on the other hand, not so uniquely infirm, might be able to get by with doing a slimmed-down version of the treatment (such as, say, just the breathing exercises and the sauna, and even then just every other day). The treatment is flexible in this regard, and this should be taken advantage of in order to make it work for you. However, know that a reduced depth or frequency brings with it a proportionately reduced chance of success. So, again I must stress: I offer this information truly for informative purposes only. No guarantees, no bold claims.

Also, a word of advice: do not begin with the complete treatment, and that goes for about everyone. However sick or healthy, one must start small and ramp up, as to gauge tolerance and avoid a negative reaction (such as overwhelming the body with toxic

fallout, which can be serious). Even if you end up progressing to the full-out treatment, done daily on the hectic schedule quoted above, it must start with no more than one or two of the core practices, the way you have to walk before you can run. This treatment is, I believe, no joke, and I have no doubt that, for many people, foolhardily jumping into it will result in a crude reality check. Consider this yet another disclaimer, to join the many inhabiting this book.

Part Two: The Breathing Exercises

As mentioned previously, the deep-breathing exercises and their full-body oxygenation are central to the treatment, so much that they're almost the treatment itself. Thus, they warrant their own, comprehensive section, both out of importance and because they must be performed properly to be effective.

Right off the bat, I must say that I did not invent these breathing exercises, but only refined them to suit my needs. As it were, a standalone breathing program is available, from the folks who *did* originate the exercises in their present form. That program, called “Éiriú Eolas,” is available for free at <http://eiriueolas.org> (or on a paid DVD, if you desire), and I recommend that the reader familiarize themselves with it. Not only is Éiriú Eolas a formal program, more precise than that outlined in this book (I'll explain why, momentarily), but it features valuable background information on proper breathing, and the theory behind the exercises and their mechanism of action. (Note: I am in no way affiliated with the Éiriú Eolas breathing program or its creators.)

There's another reason I recommend the formal Éiriú Eolas program over my modified version: Éiriú Eolas is *more powerful*, and better suited to healing.

So, why did I create my own version of the breathing exercises, when the real McCoy is available? The short answer: because I couldn't do Éiriú Eolas. I could at one time, when not quite as sick, and I practiced it long enough to discover just how powerful it is, before circumstances forced me to stop. Namely, I developed severe problems in my lower back, which prevented me from holding the upright position necessary for Éiriú Eolas. Also, these same complications physically bloated the entire left side of my torso, along with other areas of my anatomy, making it hard to breathe period, much less breathe properly (that is, using the diaphragm, as explained in the Éiriú Eolas tutorial). Last, the complete Éiriú Eolas program proved *too* powerful for me, for it would combat my infections to the point of producing excessive die-off toxicity, overwhelming my body before I could complete a full session. Hence, I needed something both slower-paced and less intensive, and that could be done lying down.

It's how I came up with my modified version of the breathing program, which I will now discuss.

* * *

At this point, you must familiarize yourself with the formal Éiriú Eolas program (remember, it's free), if only to have a basic grasp on proper breathing and the specifics of the exercises themselves. Rather than reinvent the wheel by restating the information so effectively conveyed in the Éiriú Eolas videos, I will instead impose on the reader to do this bit of homework. For the rest of this section, I will assume a working knowledge of the Éiriú Eolas program.

Now that you're initiated into the original version of the breathing exercises, I'll outline my softer, gentler version.

Basically, my program goes through many repetitive cycles of weaker breaths, those used as warm-ups in the Éiriú Eolas program. Whereas Éiriú Eolas starts with several sets of “pipe breathing” and “warrior's breath,” then graduates to the fast-and-hard “bio-energetic” breathing, my version stays in the warm-ups, doing them over and over as to oxygenate the body on a significant-but-moderate level, as opposed to that produced by Éiriú Eolas. For many people, of course, that greater, full-blown effect is preferable, so if you're able to tolerate Éiriú Eolas, by all means do it instead (it can be “plugged into” the greater treatment just the same as my modified version, filling the same role and taking approximately the same amount of time). However, for those whom share my handicaps (or might just want a slower pace), my modified version is just the ticket, being a slower route to what is essentially the same destination. (Note: Éiriú Eolas begins with a brief warm-up of yogic stretches, which my version of the program ignores. However, know that I bypassed these stretches not because I thought them unhelpful, but only because I felt hurried and time-starved -- perhaps a bad decision on my part, as there is certainly a case for such stretching. So, just because I didn't do the stretches doesn't mean that you might not want to.)

My modified version is devilishly simple, yet remains effective, and can be tricky to master.

Recall the basic set of warm-up breaths in the Éiriú Eolas program: twelve repetitions of slow pipe-breathing, with a six-second, constricted inhale through the nose, followed by a nine-second exhale through the mouth, and three seconds between each complete breath. This constitutes my program's basic unit of breathing, used identically as Éiriú Eolas's twelve-rep sets; consider this unit the “bread and butter” of the exercises. Besides that, my program includes a second unit of breathing, also structured identically to the Éiriú Eolas warm-ups: the six-rep warrior's breath, in which a sharp, non-constricted nasal inhale is followed by an equally sharp exhale through the mouth, with no break between reps.

And that's about it. Those two breathing techniques are, essentially, my program, with a session consisting of several sets of these basic breaths, alternating between the slow, twelve-rep pipe-breathing and the fast, six-rep warrior's breath (which are both detailed and demonstrated in the Éiriú Eolas videos). The breaths are done in a certain, repeating order for approximately two hours at a stretch (after working up to a full session, that is), and the result is a solid, healing oxygenation of the body.

Structurally, the modified program goes like this: twelve reps of pipe breathing (six-second inhale, nine-second exhale, three-second break, constricted), followed by nine reps of warrior's breath (fast, not constricted, no break). These breaths comprise one “block” of the modified exercises, and are repeated six times, back to back. Besides those in a block, a single, standalone pipe breath separates each of the sets of warrior's breath, with another just before the next block and its pipe-breathing, for a total of four

standalone pipe breaths in the middle of each block (combined, there are twenty-five breaths per block).

Visually, a block looks as follows:

Twelve reps pipe-breathing, beginning Block 1 ->

Standalone pipe breath ->

First three-rep set of warrior's breath ->

Standalone pipe breath ->

Second set of warrior's breath ->

Standalone pipe breath ->

Third set of warrior's breath ->

Standalone pipe breath ->

Block 2, second twelve-rep set of pipe-breathing ->

Standalone pipe breath ->

Repeat first set of warrior's breath ...

And so on, until all six blocks of the session are completed. By that point, the body has been gently-but-significantly oxygenated, and will culminate in the same basic effect awarded by Éiriú Eolas, albeit less intensive. Personally, I am often left with a general lift in mood and energy in the wake of a full session of the modified program (though, during my treatment, any improvements were soon drowned by a fallout of die-off toxicity and the like; be aware of this reaction, have you any infection which could produce such a reaction). As for what other effects you can expect from the exercises, refer to those described in the Éiriú Eolas preface, as they too apply to my modified program (I experienced none of these, myself).

Obviously, there is a lot of elbow room within the modified program, afforded by its simplicity and open-ended format. That is, it can be done strictly in part, or rearranged as you see fit, with more or fewer breathing reps, or with timing adjusted to suit you. In fact, as my healing progressed and I was able to tolerate more-intensive breathing, I did a rather different version of it myself (taking the deepest, fastest breaths I could, with little to no breaks throughout, which took about half the time and produced a more powerful effect, more like the full-out Éiriú Eolas program). The point is, my version of the breathing exercises is less a “program” than an example, not set in stone or to be taken as gospel. Know that, so long as the basic, underlying breathing routine is kept intact

(diaphragm breathing combined with constricted pipe-breathing, done “roundly” through the nose and mouth), and done at sufficient length and frequency, the essential effect will result, empowering the body in a spectacular and unique way -- or, at least, such has been my experience. Once again, I can promise nothing.

Consider my modified breathing program, and everything else conveyed in this book, to be merely a sharing of notes, rather than anything duly guaranteed.

* * *

I will now present a list of tips to help master the breathing exercises and enhance their effect.

Before I do that, however, I must again direct the reader to the official Éiriú Eolas website, namely its forum, where preexisting discussion threads detail a massively comprehensive list of Éiriú Eolas tips and tricks. But, with that pointed out, here are my own, personally-observed tips:

- * Thoroughly blow your nose beforehand, as your nostrils must be clear of obstruction to draw adequate breath; as mentioned earlier, a neti pot works great, deeply clearing the nostrils and sinuses.

- * Breathing strips might help some people with the deep inhale; they helped me at one point, but later hindered my breathing after I'd developed a better technique, so consider them training wheels of a sort.

- * Place some tissues or a towel in reaching distance before starting a breathing session, to spit into (for me, deep breathing invariably produces phlegm); this is important especially when first starting the exercises, when the lungs will be stretching and old mucus might be broken up and mobilized.

- * Aim to keep the spine straight during breathing, and to use the diaphragm exclusively, on both inhale and exhale, without “help” from the abs, chest, shoulders, or other muscles; this will ensure “correct” breathing and a maximum of effect (though, don't be afraid to make exceptions if you have to, especially when first starting out; just make sure to avoid making a habit of incorrect breathing, as such habits can be hard to break).

- * Relaxation aids are helpful during the session; I lie in a bed surrounded by a dark canopy, with a sleep mask over my eyes, and sound-canceling isolation headphones over my ears (more on this later).

- * Humming on the exhale is, for some reason, conducive to the exercises' effect (something about the vibration, I suspect); hum an “m” note on the exhale, from the chest/diaphragm.

* Plan for a thirty-minute “recovery” period after completing a breathing session, in which you don't drive or operate heavy machinery, etcetera; in my experience, mental processes and response time are slightly impaired during this time.

* Tension and restriction, physical and mental alike, are the enemies of effective breathing; aim to thoroughly relax body and mind, as to maximize the breathing's effect.

* Here's a trick of mine to derail tension: rolling the eyes; I've found that if I roll my eyes upon sensing tension (once clockwise, then once counterclockwise), it can “defuse” the tension's onset, by coin of distraction.

* For me, another way to relieve tension or blockage is to relax the very tips of my toes and the very top of my head, after which the rest of me relaxes, from the bottom up and the top down.

* Also along these lines, visualization can be used to combat tension, as well as to bring on a somewhat meditative state; one visualization I use is the “pushing out” of all tension and thought, leaving me relaxed and emptied of mental “static”; I visualize the tension and thought being pushed down through my body, from my head, then throat, then chest, then abdomen, then legs, all the way past the ends of my toes, where I keep it at bay, beyond my body.

* To facilitate the flow of oxygen and energy throughout the body, visualize it moving from the base of the spine to the forehead, clearing any blockages, tension, or restriction along the way.

* On a related topic, I've found that, for whatever reason, these “energy flows” are encouraged by looking upward while doing the breathing exercises; that is, roll your eyes straight up, into your head, as if trying to see your own brain (perhaps this is just something peculiar to me, but it's worth mention).

* Before starting a session, lay for a few minutes, “centering” yourself, to make sure you are completely relaxed and comfortable; take a few deep breaths to ensure you can breathe clearly in your chosen position, as to avoid having to adjust during the session, which can throw off rhythm and bring tension or congestion.

* While breathing, actively monitor yourself for unconscious tension, then attempt to release it as it arises.

* Resist the urge to yawn, or swallow any more than absolutely necessary; ideally, you will not have to swallow at all, especially past the first set of breaths.

* If swallowing is unavoidable, aim to release any resulting tension immediately afterward, as not to let it get its foot in the door and sabotage your overall relaxation.

* Understand that doing these exercises might not at first feel good; in fact, it can feel quite the opposite, as it did for me when I was first starting out, when I quit many times due to a total, bodily rejection of the oxygenation process (though, this response is not typical, with it resulting from my parasites and systemic infection being piqued).

* Let go of any preconceptions and just allow the breathing to do what it does, rather than expecting a certain result, which can lead to self-restriction and “pigeonholing.”

* For me, I've found that it helps to silence the mind and focus strictly on breathing, as to fend off any expectation, mental “static,” or other invasive thoughts which can interfere with total relaxation.

* I often find myself making odd noises when experiencing the breathing's effect, especially on a good, nourishing exhale; I tend to flap my lips, pop air in and out of my mouth, and make suckling motions, all of which are largely involuntary on my part, and quite benign (that is, don't think these things abnormal).

* It is not abnormal, also, to experience great, inexplicable pleasure from the exercises, at a level beyond words, approaching pure ecstasy.

* Resist the urge to speak during a session (I sometimes find myself wanting to cry out, whether out of joy, exclamation, or just as a random response like the odd mannerisms I mentioned); for me, speaking can activate the throat and chest muscles and create tension, disrupting the deep relaxation.

* When inhaling, aim to relax the chest and lungs so that they may expand to capacity; the same goes for the exhale, to ease release and maximize the oxygenating/energizing effect (plus stimulate the vagus nerve, as explained in the Éiriú Eolas videos).

* One option while doing the warrior's breath is to retain the set's final breath for an indefinite time, as long as you're comfortable holding it, before releasing (the same goes for the standalone pipe breaths); I've found such a delayed-release exhale to have a different effect on the body,

releasing a fast deluge of oxygen and energy in what I've termed a "shotgun blast," which can work certain results that a weaker breath fails at (I have reason to believe that such blasts can potentially clear various sorts of blockages in the body, physical and energetic alike).

* Aim to breathe naturally and easily, without force or pressure; that is, try not to "gasp" on the inhale, or "explode" or "pop" on the exhale (different than the focused, "shotgun blast"-type exhale, mind you), instead simply allowing the air to enter and exit your body, without conscious effort.

* For me, it helps to command my body to simply "breathe," directly, rather than any sort of roundabout decision to do so; that is, instead of thinking "open nostrils," "flex diaphragm," "inhale," "hold," "open mouth," "release diaphragm," "exhale" -- condense that whole chain of instructions to a simple command to "breathe," as to let your body "take the wheel" and automatically do the rest (don't let your head get in the way, in other words).

* In my experience, it is not abnormal to feel "strange" when doing the exercises, especially in the seconds immediately following an exhale; much like traditional meditation, the exercises will usually bring about an altered state of consciousness, in which thoughts, feelings, and perceptions are changed to some degree or another, resulting in everything from a mild shift of thought processes to experiences that are outright bizarre (though wholly harmless, at least for me and most others).

* For me, different "accents" on the inhale and/or exhale can direct oxygen and energy to different organs or areas of the body; that is, by shaping the breath in this manner (say, by a shorter or longer inhale, or withholding exhale for a "shotgun" release, or tensing/relaxing certain muscles during the breaths), the effect can be consciously directed to where it's most needed; consider this an advanced technique, to be attempted only after mastering the basic breathing program.

* Personally, I continue deep-breathing past the actual session, periodically taking deep, pipe-breathed lungfuls for approximately a half-hour, as a "cooldown," which both "weans" me from the session's meditative state and takes advantage of the expanded lungs to gain some extra oxygenation.

*Note that, if doing these extra, post-session breaths while standing/walking, be prepared to get lightheaded; personally, I take two fast, normal breaths immediately after exhale if I'm standing, to make absolutely sure I don't get dizzy or pass out (as a safety precaution, practice these breaths while sitting on the edge of a bed, beforehand, so that if you feel faint, you will just fall back).

* There may come a point in a session when you feel the need to break from the alternating breaths entirely, instead just “free-styling” it and breathing however feels right; personally, I’ll sometimes just breathe to lung capacity, then hold in the breath as long as it feels oxygenating and “right,” so that the alternation isn’t necessary (and would perhaps even be counterproductive).

* If you find that tension and blockage aren’t released automatically, know that it’s possible to release them *consciously*, by focusing on the problem area and then willfully relaxing/unblocking it; however, this is the sort of complicated and subjective practice that can’t be effectively conveyed in a book, such that you must learn it on your own, as another advanced technique (much like consciously directing the oxygen and energy by “shaping” one’s breaths).

* When consciously releasing tensions during my initial treatment, I sometimes couldn’t relax the area directly, so I’d have to do it *indirectly*, by first releasing another, related blockage located elsewhere (sometimes *far* elsewhere, in areas one wouldn’t expect, such as relaxing the very top of the head by way of relaxing the toes); in fact, I’ve had tension and blockages which were “tiered,” requiring the untangling of several other, related blockages before the original one could be reached.

* Conscious release of tension and blockage, though not essential to the breathing exercises, is indeed very helpful, and can facilitate and expedite healing; I had several blockages and tensions which simply would not relax on their own, usually due to some dysfunction in the target area (such as the site of parasitic infection), and this blocked *the very oxygen and energy which would heal the area*; had I not been able to consciously relax myself in compensation, that tense, blocked-off part of me would’ve stayed that way, Catch22-style (an example of my illness’s self-reinforcing nature, as it were).

* If you have a similar illness (that which deflects the very oxygen and energy needed to heal it), consider a “backdoor” approach: of using conscious relaxation just long enough to heal the affected area and, eventually, allow it to relax naturally, on its own.

* On that note, relaxing and unblocking is only half the battle, because without *sustaining* that relaxation, the tension can easily return; think of your body as a plant on a stake: after long enough, the plant will hold its shape when untied, once it has the structural fortitude to support itself (this is important not just from a physical perspective, but also, I believe, on a subtle, energetic level, where one’s energetic “body” corresponds to these permutations of physical shape and relaxation, such that the tension and

blockage are merely a physical manifestation of the deeper, energetic problem).

* When consciously relaxing oneself and then attempting to maintain that relaxation, it can be difficult to focus on all the points of tension at once; as a workaround, I began incorporating the relaxation of all my tension-points into one unified, body-wide state, called upon by the simple mental command to “relax,” accompanied by a visualization to help cement the effect (this is, actually, one reason why I suspect the underlying, energetic components I mentioned, as this is the only real explanation, to my knowledge, for just why consciously commanding oneself to “relax” should work this way -- a very mind-over-matter phenomenon, with big implications).

* When it comes to the breathing exercises (and, really, the treatment at large), don't be discouraged if progress is not linear, for there will likely be setbacks when conducting even the best treatments; I often progressed in “two steps forward, one step back” fashion, regularly being shuttled from semi-wellness to outright sickness.

* One reason why these tricks and workarounds are important is to expand lung capacity and attain ever deeper lungfuls of breath, as to sustain high levels of oxygen despite any congestion, blockages, or other limitations; in the scheme of things, high oxygen intake takes precedence over “proper” breathing, so that it justifies occasional use of the chest or shoulders in conjunction with the diaphragm to top off a breath (again: just be sure that, if you tense from forcing improper breath, you are aware of that tension and at once release it).

* During the six-repetition warrior's breaths, try to do them fluidly instead of rigidly, naturally transitioning between each inhale and exhale and staying totally relaxed throughout; also, aim to fill lungs to capacity, then empty them fully, as quickly as possible while still staying relaxed (this could take practice, but it's worth it).

* Personally, I came to drink a sort of “tea” prior to a breathing session, comprised of 1/2 teaspoon cayenne pepper, a full teaspoon of ground ginger root, and the fresh-squeezed juice of an organic lemon (turmeric goes great with this, too; I just took mine separately from the tea, earlier in the day); if you can tolerate this concoction, I've found it to be a great supplement to a breathing session, with several benefits, including opening the throat and nostrils, along with a body-wide anti-inflammatory effect which is very conducive to oxygenation.

* In my experience, it's best to do the exercises on an empty stomach, at least two hours after a meal, both because a full stomach can physically

impede the full expansion of the lungs, and because digestion can burden the body somewhat; I do my exercises in the evening, approximately four hours after eating a big lunch, just before dinnertime (I tend to be quite hungry after a session).

* There is a halfway-type of breathing exercise I've come to do regularly, throughout the day, in which I will simply take deep, chest-expanding breaths, exclusively (exhaling whenever it feels right to draw more breath, as opposed to any sort of timing or schedule); I would classify this as a sort of quasi-exercise, as a way to establish a minimum level of oxygenation without actively doing the breathing program (which, I've found, does indeed occur, and sometimes to a not-insubstantial degree, such that I've experienced die-off toxicity as a result of this slow, subtle oxygenation); besides being a useful and convenient exercise, I could see this halfway breathing acting as a springboard to the actual, proper exercises, perhaps for someone wanting to work their way up as gradually as possible (I've also found halfway breathing to be handy when I'm simply unable to do the actual exercises, from, say, a lack of time or opportunity; these quasi-exercises have the advantage of not impairing thinking or reaction time, thus making them very flexible as far as when, where, and how long they can be done).

* * *

Also in the tips-and-tricks vein, I should mention a jaw problem I once had, and how it proved a great stumbling block to the breathing exercises.

At nineteen, I developed a painful condition known as TMJ (temporomandibular joint dysfunction), in the left side of my jaw. In a lengthy dental procedure, several of my teeth were filed down so that my jaw would again close properly, as a workaround to the dysfunction; however, a side effect of this "cure" was that my throat was partially blocked, due to my displaced tongue and other alterations to my mouth (effects which I don't recall being warned of beforehand). Thus my breathing was affected, forcing me to breathe awkwardly and, ultimately, insufficiently to properly oxygenate my body -- a big problem, and one which I was totally unaware of until a solid decade after the fact. Coincidentally, my health declined rapidly following the procedure to "correct" my TMJ; within a year afterward, I turned twenty, reaching that watershed when my health mysteriously nosedived. Perhaps it was just a coincidence; perhaps not.

In any case, I was forced to rectify this problem once I began attempting the breathing exercises. As it turned out, the way I did so was to consciously correct the hang of my jaw, as to relax it from the slightly crooked position it had naturally assumed after my teeth were filed down. How did I conceive of such a novel trick, or even become aware of its possibility in the first place? The answer: by chance, as pure, dumb luck (or, at least, whatever mysterious process we would call "chance" or "luck"). But, however the trick came about, it worked, such that the difference in my breathing was like night and

day. When attempting the breathing exercises one day (without much success), I just happened to relax my jaw in a way that felt “right” -- and boom! The air flowed fluidly and rapidly, in a way it never had before. It would, eventually, be a big catalyst in my progress with the breathing exercises, and my healing on the whole.

The moral of the story? That TMJ, or anything which can affect the hang of the jaw and the overall landscape of the mouth or throat, can have drastic effects on breathing and oxygenation (which can, in turn, have equally drastic effects on one's health). So, if you've had (or suspect you've had) similar problems, consider my workaround to facilitate full, proper breathing. It's akin to the conscious relaxation of tension and blockage in the body, and as important.

* * *

When attempting the breathing exercises, be tenacious. Though ostensibly simple and straightforward, effective breathing is like any other learned skill: it requires practice and dedication to master, and can be slow to show results. I know this better than anyone, especially in regards to dedication and perseverance, because of the fallout of “die-off” toxicity and physical irritation which greeted my every attempt at the exercises. But, always remember that a great many people have benefited from these breathing exercises and their powerful potential. So stick it out, and, chances are, you'll be rewarded, if my experience is any indicator. The same could be said of the treatment in general.

How often to do the breathing exercises? For me, I determined it best to do them daily, without exception. Through experimentation, I found that the effect seemed to be cumulative, in that daily exercises would maintain a steady, progressive level of oxygenation, whereas doing them only irregularly resulted in a lesser, erratic effect. I could get by with missing a day or two without much penalty, but any more than that would see a marked decline in the next session's quality. Bear in mind that I was exceptionally sick, with a complex of aggressive illnesses that was unforgiving to the slightest relent on my part; so, for someone not so besieged, the consequences of non-daily sessions might not be so severe. When it comes to the “right” frequency of sessions, I suppose the only real measure is to experiment and see how you fare.

One last thing to keep in mind about the breathing exercises: you need not stick to either my modified program or the full-out Éiriú Eolas program. That is, don't be afraid to go back and forth (or to construct your own, custom program as I did), whichever is more attractive to you. So long as you're doing *some* version, and progressively oxygenating the body *somehow*, it will satisfy the treatment's requirement of breathing exercises and the vast, far-reaching benefits they can potentially offer.

Part Three: The Rest of the Treatment

Now, I will share my notes, observations, and tips regarding the treatment's other major components.

1) Sweat Therapy

The known benefits of brisk, full-body sweating are many, extending from cardiovascular and respiratory conditioning, to muscular health and relaxation, all the way to helping kill parasites and other opportunistic infections -- not to mention the deepest, most thorough detoxification available (it's also the most *natural* detox, rendering it relatively free of side-effects). While I can't vouch for all the benefits attributed to sweating, I can testify to the latter two (infection-fighting and detoxification), and it is from this angle that sweat therapy is used in the greater treatment.

When I began the treatment's basic regime, I used hot baths to instigate a sweat. By that time in my life, I seemed physically unable to sweat, having a perpetually low body temperature (perhaps due to thyroid complications, zinc deficiency, an unknown condition, or a combination of these things; I'm not sure). But then I discovered these "sweat baths," as I came to call them -- for, indeed, they made me sweat. The process was simple as could be: draw a bath as hot as I could stand, then lie in it, submerged to the neck. Just minutes in such a bath would have me sweating bullets, followed by rapid heartbeat and other cardiovascular activation, feeling much like after an hour of weightlifting. Another consistent effect of the baths: they "popped" my liver, which is to say that the baths stimulated my liver in a way I would come to recognize, and which seemed to be beneficial (my liver, spleen, kidneys, and other detox-related organs were very sluggish, from years of being overburdened by mercury, die-off toxicity, and the toxic excretions of parasites). After less than thirty minutes in the bath (twenty of it spent actually sweating), I'd be totally "sweat out," to the point of lethargy and a general sense of physical stress -- signs that it was time to emerge.

Not that I ever needed to be coaxed out, for there were some negative side-effects of the baths, making them rather unpleasant (until approximately a half-hour afterward, when my overall condition would improve to some degree). Most notably, my body would undergo a chemical shift shortly after entering the bath, which I determined to be the release of stress hormones like adrenaline and norepinephrine -- the classic fight-or-flight response, as if I were staring down the barrel of a gun. This was especially problematic because of my illness, which left me in a perpetual fight-or-flight state in the first place, due to my toxicity. Additionally, I was highly sensitive to temperature, especially extremes, to a startling degree that someone without such a sensitivity might not appreciate. So, combining these negatives, the baths became something of a travail. Yes, they certainly worked (and were duly necessary, being my only real means of detoxifying the deadly mercury I carried), but they were draining me, as well as becoming harder and harder to force myself to do, considering their near-traumatic unpleasantness. In time, I understood why hot baths are historically a form of torture.

And that's how I learned of the infrared sauna, which would eventually replace the baths as my preferred means of sweating. Unable to continue the baths but desperate to keep detoxing, I researched my options, and an in-home sauna topped the list, namely that which used infrared heaters. The infrared sauna's most attractive prospect was that it could induce the same level of vigorous, detoxifying sweat by way of a significantly lower temperature, thus eliminating the violent side-effects of the baths. I also tended to favor the relaxed, sit-down format of the sauna, which, though more time-consuming, does allow for the multitasking of some things, as well as just being generally more restful and refreshing. Also, there was the matter of the baths' high water usage, which is a non-issue with the sauna (though slightly offset by power usage, of course).

The infrared sauna wasn't a pat solution, however. While researching them, I did discover some potential negatives, most notably the matter of electromagnetic fields and their emissions. EMFs, such as those created by WiFi computer networks, were a preexisting concern of mine, for I had long ago determined, through extensive research, personal experience, and empirical experimentation, that EMFs are generally harmful, at least for me. As far as those emitted by infrared saunas, information was murky and scarce, as well as questionable, originating mainly from sauna manufacturers or those with interests in the industry. However, after lots of weighing the facts (and lots of stressing about the sweat baths), I did eventually take the plunge, buying a wood-construction, one-person sauna outfitted with five ceramic heating panels. The sauna I chose was “certified ultra-low EMF,” and, as it stands, I have not, in months of daily use, observed any of the negative health effects I've come to identify as EMF-related (or any negatives at all, for that matter).

After approximately five months of daily hot baths, I at last switched to the sauna, and my experience was positive. Though the sauna took longer (both for it to heat up, then longer to induce the actual sweat), I found it far more tolerable, while inducing the same intensity and volume of sweat, plus the cardiovascular stimulation and that liver “popping” I'd mentioned. Furthermore, I discovered an added benefit: a parasite- and infection-fighting effect. Just as I'd come to identify how, say, EMF affects me, I'd learned to identify when my body is fighting off parasites and the systemic infection I had (namely, the specific symptoms of die-off toxicity, and the lymphatic activity necessary to clear it). And, indeed, I found the sauna to induce such effects, and do so somewhat differently than other methods such as herbs and zapping. Theoretically, these immunity benefits arise from the artificial fever induced by the sauna, which parasites and infections naturally cannot withstand; yet, were it as simple as that, I should've felt the same effect during the hot baths, which I *didn't*. Why? One possibility is that the sauna's longer duration is responsible for this effect; but, as it were, I see the effect *almost instantly* upon beginning a sauna session. Which raises another possibility: that there is simply some innate property of the sauna's mechanism which fights parasites and infections (perhaps the infrared technology itself?). Regardless, these are observations worth mentioning.

Another advantage of the infrared sauna is the *quality* of the induced sweat. Though there are multiple ways to achieve a good hard sweat, it would seem that not all sweating is

equal. That is, the infrared sauna supposedly brings about a superior, more cleansing sweat than other methods, penetrating deeper into the body (and, logically, extracting deeper deposits of toxins). I read this claim during my research prior to buying my sauna, and I saw no real evidence for or against it, so I simply filed it away as a potential plus (but refrained from basing my purchase on it). Similarly, I had read personal accounts that sweat from an infrared sauna was thicker and “gooier” than other types, which would lend to the superior-sweat theory (but was as uncorroborated). When I first started doing the sauna, I studied the resulting sweat, and noticed no obvious difference between it and that which had been produced by hot baths. In fact, when circumstances forced me back to the baths a couple times, I still observed no difference in my sweat (at least by sight and touch; I didn't check under a microscope, or do anything beyond a cursory empirical check). However, one morning in the sauna, after I'd been using it for three months, I absently wiped some sweat from my arm -- and darned if it wasn't palpably thicker, in a way which could certainly be described as “gooey.” Since then, I've observed this several times, and the circumstances at play would indeed lend to the theory that the infrared sauna penetrates deeper into the body than “normal,” both because of the sweat's more substantial quality and because it took me three months' of sessions for the “gooey” sweat to appear (consistent with there first needing to be lesser detoxing of the muscles and outer tissues). Still, some thick, gooey sweat isn't conclusive evidence that infrared saunas induce a superior effect; it is, however, an interesting anecdote.

In terms of sweating procedure, there isn't much to say. Whether you choose baths or a sauna (I'll omit other methods of sweating, having never attempted them), both are straightforward, and it's hard to do them wrongly. When I did baths, I simply ran it as hot as I could stand, submerged myself lengthwise and to the neck, and then, once I'd begun sweating, stayed in for at least fifteen minutes (as measured, appropriately, by a cooking timer). As for the sauna, I would start its half-hour warm-up, do other stuff, then go in with a beach towel (to sit on) and a hand towel (to wipe myself down every five minutes after I'd started sweating profusely, in order to clear away the sweat-out toxins and keep them from reabsorbing through the skin). In the sauna, I'd stay a little longer than the bath, ideally about twenty-five minutes after I'd begun sweating (elapsed, it came to about forty-five minutes to an hour). After finishing and getting out, I'd either shower if convenient, or wash myself using a soapy rag. A post-session bath of some type is important, because, as mentioned above, the same skin through which toxins are so easily expelled can just as soon reabsorb them.

(A side note here: there is a third, halfway solution for sweat therapy, something in between the overwhelming sweat baths and the slow-and-steady sauna. I speak of a less-intensive version of the baths, in which the water is slightly cooler, and less is used (not fully submerging the body, only up to the thighs and ribs when lying down). Through these concessions, one's body temperature is raised gradually rather than near-instantly, as to be gentler, without a traumatizing “blast” of fever-inducing heat. Of course, this translates to a somewhat diminished effect, and more elapsed time spent waiting for a sweat to come on; yet, the central effect remains intact, nor is it even diminished in direct correlation with the reduced “pain” and effort. In fact, this halfway sweat bath is gentle enough that, had I discovered it before purchasing a sauna, things might have turned out

differently, for I was, at the time, under the impression that only a good, “hard” bath could induce the kind of sweat I needed -- an impression which is largely untrue. As it were, I learned of this slower, gentler bath only after the fact, when I was, by chance, temporarily separated from my sauna and, thus, forced to revert to the baths for a few days. Where I was staying, the hot-water heater was inordinately small, limiting my available water and, therefore, forcing me to make due with a smaller, cooler bath that *just* managed to coax out a sweat. As it so happened, these halfway baths came in handy even after I was reunited with my sauna, as a stopgap (for when, say, I was overwhelmed with die-off and just wanted to detox some, instead of undergoing a more thorough cleanse that could potentially kill off some infections and, thus, up my toxic load despite the sweat). It's for this purpose I mention the halfway bath, and also as an option for those unable to tolerate even the infrared sauna. Alternately, these baths are a means of working up to the more-intensive sweat therapies.)

Regarding frequency of use, sweat therapy is much like the breathing exercises: it comes down to personal preference, and tolerance. For me, I found daily sweat sessions to be best (though mildly uncomfortable at this rate; the odd day off proved necessary at times). Also like the breathing, I observed a better, stronger, and more consistent effect with daily sweats, such that missing more than a day would result in a weaker, less-productive sweat once I started back up. Of course, daily sessions aren't mandatory, especially if you feel you can't handle them physically. For someone whose body struggles with daily sessions for whatever reason (say, because of parasite die-off or other detox-related complications), they would be better off doing irregular sessions to tolerance instead of pushing it and overwhelming the body (which would most likely be counterproductive to one's goals of healing). So, the short answer for frequency of sweats: daily if tolerant, but otherwise, use your best judgment.

As far as tips and tricks for the baths and sauna, there aren't many of these to speak of. The first is to stay hydrated; I would drink an eight-ounce cup of water both before and after a session. Some people supplement trace minerals when doing any sort of long-term sweat therapy, and though this isn't a bad idea, I don't believe it's necessary. I just made sure to eat plenty of pure, unprocessed sea salt (the pink stuff), which contains trace minerals; also, I supplemented magnesium and ate plenty of potassium-rich foods, to maintain proper electrolyte balance. A tip for toweling away sweat while in the sauna: I developed the habit of wiping myself down upon first sensing a sweat (a distinct feeling that any sauna veteran probably knows), as to clean away any preexisting dirt and body oil, thus facilitating an easier, more productive sweat -- or so I theorize. I can't be sure this actually works, though a preemptive wipe-down does seem to have this effect for me.

One biggie is to do your sweating in sequence with certain other parts of the treatment, as to strengthen them in a synergistic fashion. For instance, notice in my sample schedule from Part Two how I did the rebounder trampoline (stimulates the lymphatic system and mobilizes toxins), followed by an enema (clears toxins and further stimulates lymphatic function plus other metabolic processes), and then, at last, the sauna (also stimulates detoxification, with a vigorous sweat at the end, clearing even more of the mobilized toxins). The idea was to mobilize the most recent wash of toxins I'd accumulated over the

last day, then flush them out by way of metabolizing them, defecating them, or outright sweating them away; and, from what I observed in performing this sequence repeatedly throughout my treatment, it seemed to work to that end, leaving me feeling decidedly cleansed and “light” after finally emerging from the sauna. Also, I would often take bentonite clay at this time (more on this in the section on dietary supplements), just after the enema and before getting into the sauna, as to capture even more liberated toxins. Of course, this specific routine was far more important for me, having the trinity of mercury poisoning, parasites, and a systemic infection, than it might be for someone without an elevated toxicity load.

Beyond timing a sweating session to synergize with other parts of the treatment, my only other real tip is to *stick with it*. Personally, I found it all too easy to grow disheartened towards such longwinded practices, since the only short-term result is the temporary improvement felt following a session. That is, I couldn't see the mercury and whatnot flowing out of my system, or the level of a mercury-o-meter lowering, or any other overt, tangible indicator of progress, so it was only natural I buy into appearances and lose motivation (especially when doing the baths, which at times felt to be unbearable). Of course, appearances really *are* deceiving, and never so importantly as in this case, since vigorous sweating truly does detoxify and heal, albeit in gruelingly slow increments. Since I'm sure I'm not alone in my shortsightedness, I extend this advice: stick out your sweats, suspend the desire for instant gratification, and keep your eyes on the prize. This wisdom, also, applies to the total treatment.

One last thing about sweat therapy: to assist sweating, I used a luffa (a fibrous skin brush applied prior to a bath). Being a means of exfoliating dead skin cells, it seemed a natural compliment to the baths and sauna, and though I can't say for sure that it definitely enhanced my sweats, it wouldn't be illogical to think that clearing away dead skin would help in this regard. Also, proper use of a luffa can, supposedly, assist lymphatic function, which, with the lymphatic system so vital to detoxification, is a plus for anyone considering this book's treatment program. It's another deceptively simple practice: I just used the luffa before my daily bath, rubbing myself down, all over, twice in succession (the brush I'd bought had a rough, fibrous side and a soft, fabric side, and I did one pass with each). At the instruction of some online articles, I made sure to brush in firm, unbroken strokes aimed toward the center of the chest, in an inward motion; the idea is to coax the lymph fluid toward the body's main lymph channels, located in the torso. It's easy to downplay such a fast and simple practice, but I could see it paying off with increased sweating capacity, at least theoretically.

2) Parasite Cleansing

I'll reemphasize from Part One: reconsider any doubts you might have about parasitic infection. Yes, of course it's possible you don't, like many people; however, that doesn't mean you *can't*, as is implied by a party line popular among the medical community these days. In their view, parasite infections are virtually impossible in America and other first-world countries, appearing only in travelers, young children, or those with poor hygiene.

But, as my case demonstrates, it's quite possible to become infected with parasites as a hygienic, domestic adult, and to startling degrees.

Without going into too much detail, I'll just say that I was infected with multiple types of parasites, chronically, throughout my body (and all without knowing it, or ever once being questioned on the subject by the multiple doctors I consulted following my illness). The parasites, besides inflicting damage by their very presence, also caused peripheral problems, most notably by their waste and excretions, which added to my body's already-high toxic load. Additionally, some of these parasites were extremely hard to destroy, due to resilience, to complications with killing the eggs left in their wake, or both. After years of chronic infection and parasite-related toxicity, the parasites became a truly dangerous problem for me, bad enough on its own but considerably worse when combined with my mercury toxicity and the other, separate infection I possessed. Together, these formed a juggernaut of sickness that would leave me highly debilitated and often bedridden. All this, from something many doctors deny is even possible in the Western world.

Now, as far as cleansing oneself of parasites, that's a big subject in itself. Look online, and you'll find dozens upon dozens of supposed remedies, to dizzying and confusing degrees. So, for reasons of space and brevity, I'll just focus on the remedies I've found effective.

The first option is an herbal cleanse.

When it comes to a general, all-purpose herbal solution, the most popular is known as the "Hulda Clark cleanse," named after a pioneer in the field. It's a simple program, consisting of three individual herbs (wormwood, cloves, and extract of black walnut hull), dosed orally at increasing portions over a period of ten days. The Clark cleanse is something of a gold standard among parasite cleanses because, for all its ease, it is highly effective against a remarkably wide range of both parasites and their eggs. Furthermore, the program is short in duration, which makes it stand out for gentleness and convenience (and indeed, there are longer-lasting, less-convenient, and less-gentle cleanses out there). For these reasons, the Clark cleanse is the best place to start if contemplating the parasite question. In fact, it's a good alternative to getting tested or otherwise diagnosed for parasites (which can produce both false positives and -negatives, and is costly to boot). In lieu of a passive test, one can simply do a quick, cheap Clark cleanse and see what happens. Though, don't take that last bit of advice the wrong way; a Clark cleanse is no less powerful for its accessibility, and it must be done with the same care and preparation as any other health practice.

On that note, there are guidelines and precautions for parasite cleansing in general. First, one must be prepared that, in the event that they *do* have parasites, there could be a "healing crisis" upon killing them, also known as a "Herxheimer reaction" or "die-off sickness." Just as parasites excrete damaging, toxic substances in life, they often do so upon death; and, even in a minor infection, a mass die-off induced by a parasite cleanse can produce a deluge of such substances, which the body must eliminate. Often, the resulting condition falls under the classification of "flu-like symptoms," anywhere from

mild to severe; so, when contemplating any sort of parasite cleanse, it's important to consider a potential die-off and its consequences. Several things can be done to assist the body in recovering from die-off, such as drinking adequate water, fasting, exercise, and certain supplemental substances (two amino acids, l-arginine and l-ornithine, for example). However, time and rest are the best remedies for a bout of die-off sickness, for even the halest of people will still require these for the body to do its work. Patience is another good ally in these matters.

For specifics of the Hulda Clark cleanse and how to go about it (and parasite issues at large), I'll once more refer the reader to the internet, instead of reprinting widely circulated information. A simple Web search of "Hulda Clark cleanse" will produce all dosage guidelines, and answer questions far more extensively than I could here.

Moving along, I'll now detail the other cleanses I found success with, parasite-wise. Next is the "Humaworm" cleanse, as mentioned earlier. (I am not affiliated with Humaworm in any way, nor am I with any of the products or services mentioned in this book.) Humaworm is much like the Clark cleanse, being a nonspecific, herbal parasite cleanse that targets the most common parasites in circulation (plus many uncommon ones). The Humaworm program is even easier to conduct, with a simple dosage of two pills in the morning and evening. Where the Clark and Humaworm cleanses differ is in the herbs and dosages employed; Humaworm uses a wider range of herbs at a lower dosage, rather than the Clark's high-dosage trinity. Also, there's the length of the program: Humaworm lasts a full thirty days, three times that of the Clark cleanse. For this reason, the Humaworm cleanse could be deemed "advanced," but only because some people might not be able to tolerate a month of intensive cleansing (which could see die-off sickness throughout). Thus, one strategy would be to work up to Humaworm and like cleanses by way of the shorter Clark cleanse (or non-herbal treatments entirely).

Again, I won't go any further on the topic, instead referring the reader to the wealth of online information regarding different parasite cleanses and their merits.

As far as how I personally cleansed myself of parasites during the course of my treatment, I didn't follow a strict program or use only a single herb or concoction of herbs. Instead, I used a hodgepodge of different parasite-killing substances, in addition to the parts of the treatment which double as parasite remedies (sweat therapy, earthing, and breathing exercises), all in conjunction with the Zapper and Zappicator devices mentioned earlier (more on those shortly, in their respective sections). The only remedy I used with any regular frequency was the Humaworm concoction, and only then every two or three months (the makers of Humaworm advise users to limit their cleansing in this manner). In between rounds of Humaworm, I would either switch to a new concoction with different herbs (Banyan Paracleanse was one of these, though I couldn't seem to tolerate it longer than two weeks at a go), or go on a single, less-powerful herb or supplement (I usually did this when experiencing elevated toxicity and die-off, or was just sicker than usual, simply to be on some kind of maintenance to kill any eggs and prevent re-infection). Or, alternately for maintenance, I would resort to using food, eating big, regular helpings of parasite-killing foods such as garlic, coconut oil, and pumpkin

and its seeds. Here are some standalone herbs and supplements I found success with: oil of oregano, high-dose Lugol's iodine solution, "Sovereign Silver" brand colloidal silver (there's an age-old debate about colloidal silver's effectiveness and safety; personally, I found it to be both effective and safe, at least at a dose of one teaspoon a day, and for reasons of killing parasites and my mystery infection). As a footnote, sunning seemed to have some anti-parasitic effect (though this might've just been from the earthing I usually did simultaneously).

Using this staggered, informal rotation of various substances and practices, I did successfully rid myself of parasites. In fact, excepting a recurring tapeworm infection (some tapeworms are notoriously hard to resolve), I was actually free of parasites relatively early in the treatment, after just months. Using just herbs and zapping alone, I had killed off many infections prior to this time, but never permanently, for whenever I would finish a full-power cleanse and drop to the maintenance-level treatment, the parasites would always eventually return (it's virtually impossible to avoid parasite eggs completely, with their contaminating about any public surface in addition to many foods and other ingestibles). However, with the added oomph of the treatment's other components (the breathing exercises alone are, I suspect, powerful enough to kill most parasites), a final round of Humaworm, paired with a series of the most garlicky meals I've ever had, killed off all my non-tapeworm bugs once and for all. The tapeworms would only be vanquished months later, after I'd made headway with my mysterious systemic infection, when my body was strong enough to kill them off under its own strength.

Before leaving the subject of parasites, I must reiterate the importance of accepting the mere possibility of infection, for we cannot heal ourselves of what we reject as impossible. Sure, parasite infection carries a stigma in many circles, but that's just a hang-up to be worked through. Parasites are no small matter, especially for chronic infections, or even minor infections when paired with other conditions. If my case says anything at all, it's that common parasites are potentially debilitating, if not life-threatening; and, as it were, I believe that my case is not at all unique (or even exceptional), given what I've encountered in my research. Compared to some cases I've encountered, mine appeared rather tame.

3) The Zapper

The Zapper device returns us to Dr. Hulda Clark, the poster child of parasite killing. Dr. Clark invented and refined the Zapper throughout the '90s, until it was popularized as a novel, effective, and cheap way of killing parasites. Essentially, the device works by applying a light current to the body, thereby electrifying the blood. Once that current is set to a specific frequency, as the theory goes, it can destroy undesirable organisms resident in the body, within limits. Furthermore, it's been claimed there are other, peripheral benefits to zapping, such as mobilizing white blood cells and other immunity-related processes.

More can be said about the Zapper, its history, its applications, and the specifics of its operation, but I'll again let the reader research these topics on their own, through any internet search engine.

Here, my focus, Zapper-wise, is rather narrow, for I used the Zapper almost solely for its original purpose: killing parasites and their eggs. Go online, and you'll read of many elaborate and exotic Zapper devices, and equally elaborate ways of using them (and questionable claims about said uses). Those don't concern us here, for I have experience with only a simple, classic Zapper, used as simply. That is, I used a standard-type Zapper, which is, really, just a frequency generator, something along the lines of a radio transmitter. Housed in a little black box and run off an everyday nine-volt battery, a typical Zapper will have one or several frequencies to choose from (more on zapping frequencies in a moment), with two cables attached, a positive and negative. The cables are connected, usually by alligator clips, to either metal handholds or, more effectively, metal footpads (or both at once, in an advanced mode of operation which you probably won't need). The Zapper I personally used for my year of treatment was the "Zapper Z4eX," bought online. These have a reputation as being a good, reliable general-purpose Zapper.



A Zapper

For parasite-killing, use is very straightforward: attach the positive and negative cables to their respective metal terminals, grip the handholds (or put feet on footpads), and switch on the machine for seven minutes. Repeat this twice, at twenty-minute intervals, and there's your zapping session. The only other step is to wet some paper towels with salt water and then wrap them around the metal handholds (or lay atop the footpads), for conductivity. Typically, these sessions are done once or twice a day (though, some people do it longer and more frequently, citing increased effectiveness); and, in my experience, zapping in this fashion does indeed work to kill at least some parasites and their eggs. Once more, I can't vouch for the other stuff attributed to zapping, though I do have some reason to believe that it does in fact produce a pro-immunity effect to some degree or another. In any case, zapping proved itself enough for me, from an anti-parasite angle alone, that it became a daily practice of mine, and I have no doubt that it contributed at

least peripherally to my treatment's success (based on subjective reasons I won't bother going into).

My first tip for zapping is in regard to which frequency to zap at. Thirty kilohertz (30khz) is the “standard,” originally instated by Dr. Clark in her Zappers, and there's a general consensus that using it will work for most folks. I agree with this, actually, because I've seen nearly identical results when zapping solely at 30khz than when mixing it up with other frequencies. However, there are two other common frequencies, 2.5khz and 15hz, and, if one can believe what they read, these have demonstrated themselves useful as well, to kill organisms resistant to 30khz or to penetrate deeper into the body (because zapping is limited to the blood and, thus, areas readily met by blood flow, which would keep it from vital organs or deep in the gut -- highly important areas, parasite-wise). Personally, just to cover all my bases, I bought a Zapper which could operate at all three of those frequencies, then zapped at each of them. Doing so, I ignored the twenty-minute break between the seven-minute blocks in a “normal” zapping session. That is, rather than going seven minutes and then breaking for twenty, repeated three times, I would simply zap at 30khz for seven minutes, then switch to 2.5khz for the next seven, then switch to 15hz, before finally returning to 30khz, until I'd repeated this circuit three full cycles (nine seven-minute cycles total, sometimes extra if I had the time).

For me, this full-spectrum, no-break zapping was actually convenient, because of how I did it: while doing my evening computer work, which took approximately 1.5-2 hours, so I had the extra time to devote to a good, long session. And how did I manage to multitask computer work and zapping (while eating dinner, no less)? By using footpads instead of handholds, which brings us to the next subject. Like most anything, there's debate about which means of zapping is more effective, handholds or footpads. Personally, I've seen some objective, measurable evidence which would suggest footpads; plus, my subjective experience concurs with this conclusion. Also, it's been claimed that zapping via footpads sends the current into a certain acupuncture meridian in the foot, which in turn provides a deeper, more thorough cleanse, not possible using handholds (I've both seen and experienced some circumstantial evidence of this, but not enough to conclude it valid). These reasons, combined with my need to multitask nearly everything so that I could fit in a full day's treatment, led me to favor footpads over handholds, and it was these that I used throughout the treatment outlined in this book.

There's nothing fancy about using footpads over handholds, really. Instead of being clipped to their respective handholds, the Zapper's positive and negative wires are instead run to rectangular lengths of metal long enough to accommodate one's feet (I used double-folded aluminum foil, backed on cardboard and secured using pushpins). The pads are set in the floor (not touching one another), and after covering them with paper towels wetted with saltwater (I had a spray bottle I used for wetting the towels), one simply places their feet on them and begins cycling the frequencies in seven-minute intervals as usual. I did this evenings, for as long as I was at the computer (at least 1.5 hours), and that was my daily zapping, to be followed up with light chores and, soon after, bed. For me, going to bed soon after a zapping session proved important, for I would often experience a fallout of mild to moderate die-off toxicity following a zap, and

it was best to allow a period of rest and recovery while my body detoxified itself (more on effective resting strategy later).

Another zapping tip: note, in my treatment schedule in Part One, how zapping almost immediately follows breathing exercises. This is intentional, for it's been my experience that zapping has a complimentary effect with deep breathing, for killing parasites and otherwise. For me, elevated die-off was an indicator of this. When doing the two practices separately, I would always experience die-off toxicity symptoms; however, when doing the two together, back to back, my die-off would always be more pronounced, as well as more significant and progressive in terms of fighting my infection (through various signs and signals I won't bother describing). We see here another example of how fine-tuning the overall treatment can enhance it synergistically, lending to the greater effect by strategic timing and execution. So, if at all possible, try following up the breathing exercises with a zapping session, and see if you notice an enhanced effect like I did.

One last footnote about zapping: the practice is, by and large, safe. Whenever I mention zapping to someone unfamiliar with it, I'm always met with safety concerns, especially when it comes up that zapping “electrifies” the blood. However, it's not nearly so extreme as it sounds, for the Zapper's current, supplied by a nine-volt battery, is far too light to damage the body in normal use. In all my research on zapping, and in all the subjective reports I've read on it, the only bad experiences I've come across have been from someone either zapping in the wrong place (such as the head; it's generally agreed not to zap above the neckline) or zapping too long, without gradually building up first, as to bring about an extreme healing crisis (which is a wholly incidental problem, and the individual's responsibility). Likewise, in my extensive personal use of the Zapper, I've never encountered any negative beyond a slight “tickly” sensation when zapping at 15hz. Though, with that said, know that the Zapper is not FDA-approved, nor is it impossible that somebody out there, due to some condition or circumstance, might react badly to it (a Pacemaker comes to mind, here). In any case, consider this another disclaimer: zapping, while having demonstrated itself as safe for many people, might not be for you. As with everything else in this book, zap at your discretion, and your own risk.

4) The Zappicator

Most of what I wrote about the Zapper applies, also, to the Zappicator device. They are both brainchildren of Dr. Hulda Clark, and operate on the same basic principle of using a light current at a tuned frequency to kill parasites and the like. The Zappicator actually requires a separate Zapper, as it were, to generate the signal (there is, however, one Zappicator that has the Zapper integrated, “The Ultimate All-In-One Zappicator,” which I personally use). For this reason, it's easy to mistake the Zappicator as a mere accessory of the Zapper; but that is not so, for the Zappicator is, in practice, a rather different animal.

Where the two technologies diverge is in their mechanism of application. Whereas the Zapper uses wires to introduce its frequencies to the skin (thereby electrifying the blood), the Zappicator does so using charged magnets, placed against the body. Among other

advantages, its fully external application puts the Zappicator in the position of being able to reach areas of the body impenetrable by normal zapping, such as vital organs (including the brain; the Zappicator, applying no current directly to the body, is immune to the Zapper's rule of staying below the neckline). Yet the Zappicator retains the same supposed benefits of zapping, including that of stimulating immunity (and, according to some sources, helping to detox certain solvents and other toxic substances). Furthermore, the Zappicator's benefits reportedly extend even beyond the body, such as to food, to remove parasite eggs and other undesirables.



An “All-In-One” Zappicator (top view)

Note the Zappicator's flat surface. That's its application side (and that side only; the bottom side is not to be applied), where its magic comes from. And that's about all there is to zappicating: flipping the switch, then applying the top side to the desired area of the body, for approximately thirty minutes (though longer might be better; I sometimes applied the Zappicator to problem areas for upwards of an hour). It's even simpler than zapping, and, if you use the “Ultimate” model Zappicator mentioned above, there isn't even an external Zapper or its wires to mess with, just a tidy little rectangular box. Granted, applying the Zappicator to certain spots can be awkward and unwieldy, such as when putting it on the face or any other uneven surface (a flexible or moldable Zappicator would be great). But then, we do what we must to get well, no?

Like the Zapper, there are many technical details about the Zappicator and its theory of operation (as well as the expected debate about whether it does anything at all), and, once again, I'll skip over them for reasons of focus. Zappicator literature can be found online, it goes without saying.

As it pertains to the overall treatment, I used the Zappicator primarily to kill parasites (resilient, herb-resistant ones like tapeworms, specifically) and to fight my mysterious systemic infection (which seemed to show great vulnerability to the Zappicator, for whatever reason). For these uses, I can certainly vouch for the Zappicator's effectiveness.

Yet, as with the Zapper, there are other supposed benefits of the Zappicator, some of them very interesting, including some I've observed personally but not seen mentioned elsewhere. Besides the claims of stimulating immunity and the production of white blood cells (which I've seen circumstantial, albeit inconclusive, evidence of), the Zappicator also seems to stimulate the body's "energy" meridians (the same accessed by acupuncture and other "energy medicine").

Yes, some people dispute the very existence of these meridians; I'm not one of them. Myself, I've seen (and experienced) conclusive evidence to support their existence, one piece of which is the Zappicator's stimulation of these energetic meridians. This particular evidence came to me unexpectedly. In my extensive experience with the Zappicator, I noticed that when used on one part of my body, it would affect *other* parts (and always the same effects, in the same corresponding areas). This suggested a reflex-like effect, as in reflexology (when, say, a certain part of the hand or foot is massaged to affect a certain, corresponding internal organ). So consistent was this phenomenon, I was able to "map" its areas of effect, as to reliably predict how zappicating one area would affect another. Long after the fact, I became aware of the twelve major acupuncture meridians, and, lo and behold, these corresponded almost perfectly with the informal "map" I'd sketched out from zappicating. Does this prove that the Zappicator stimulates (and perhaps opens) acupuncture meridians and their energy flows? No, but it's a notable bit of circumstantial evidence that does certainly lend to that idea. So add such energetic stimulation to the list of the Zappicator's potential benefits, which, combined with its anti-parasitic and -infection qualities, renders the Zappicator a rather attractive addition to the treatment's synergistic whole.

Use of the Zappicator in my treatment began as a skeptical, experimental addition in hopes of fighting my parasites and systemic infection, but it ended up far more integral. First, I found that it was not only effective against my infections, but that it was more powerful than herbs or zapping, such that zappicating "broke up" infected areas that had, apparently, been impenetrable for the duration of my infection (a troublesome area in my left chest, for example). Continued use of the Zappicator resulted in several of these "breakups," which I believe were the "strongholds" of my deeply entrenched parasites (and/or systemic infection). For this reason alone, I have to wonder if I ever would've been able to penetrate and destroy these infections (which, I have to reason to believe, extended back to adolescence or earlier) had I not used the Zappicator to break up these otherwise impenetrable reaches.

Additionally, zappicating saw unexpected application during my breathing exercises. I'd originally begun applying the Zappicator during my breathing sessions as another instance of multitasking, out of a simple lack of time. However, as I continually did so, I noticed that applying the Zappicator to certain areas while deep breathing brought about a synergistic effect (and, as mentioned earlier, that reflexology-like response in which corresponding parts of my body were affected), thus strengthening both the zappicating and the breathing. Likewise, I discovered that the Zappicator aided in flows of oxygen and energy throughout my body (which, as I know now, stems from what is, apparently,

the Zappicator's stimulation of the energetic acupuncture meridians) -- no small effect. There is great potential in this quality alone, strategically speaking.

For example, I found that by beginning a breathing session with the Zappicator on my abdomen for twenty minutes, it would cultivate oxygen and energy flow in that area, after which I could move it up to my chest for twenty minutes, thus "raising" the oxygenation to that level. By continuing this, incrementally, all the way to my collarbone and throat, I found that a "channel" would open, extending from the base of my spine to the core of my head, through which oxygen and energy would flow, seeming to heal (and kill infection) at every step of the way. From there, the Zappicator became essential to my breathing sessions, and this abdomen-to-throat placement becoming the "standard." Through experimentation, I did find several other, similar configurations of placement which worked the same incremental "channeling" of various energy flows throughout the body, often culminating in my "breakups" of infected areas (and, seemingly, tension and blockages as well). Besides this increased energy flow being vital to my healing and wellbeing, it's also one reason I've come to suspect that the Zappicator's mechanism somehow stimulates (and, possibly, unobstructs) flows of oxygen and energy along the body's meridians.

And that was how I used the Zappicator for the gist of my treatment: during breathing exercises, daily, placing it at various sites on my body, anywhere from twenty minutes to an hour at a go. I would occasionally use it here and there in a standalone zappicating session, but this was infrequent. Also, after seeing such success with the Zappicator on myself, I began using it on my groceries, for ten or fifteen minutes before putting them away. As it stands, I can't say with any certainty that zappicating food has any benefits at all (much less the bold claims put forth by Zappicator manufacturers, such as enhancing taste, altering amino acids, or destroying parasite eggs and other contaminants); however, considering what it did for me physically (which *was* conclusively beneficial), I have no reason to believe that that benefit wouldn't somehow extend to food, to some degree or another.

With these experiences in mind, I would recommend that, at some point in the treatment, the Zappicator be paired with the breathing exercises, for the sake of maximizing both (as well as freeing up some precious time). Though, the Zappicator is certainly effective in itself, in normal use. Case in point: when once sensing a cold coming on, I immediately applied the Zappicator to my throat and head, including both ears; the cold never developed further, seemingly stopped in its tracks by the Zappicator. Of course, I can't rule out my healing being attributable to something else (or my just being mistaken about what I thought to be a cold); but, in this case, I find the obvious explanation to be the most likely.

Again, zappicating couldn't be simpler: place the Zappicator's top, flat side onto the desired area, then turn it on and keep it in place for at least thirty minutes (per area; unlike zapping, zappicating doesn't affect the whole body at once, thus requiring multiple, separate applications to cover all areas that need attention). Try and keep away from the Zappicator's bottom side while activated, as it supposedly puts off undesirable,

“South Pole” frequencies. Be prepared to zappicate regularly. Like zapping, and about any therapeutic practice, zappicating is not a one-shot treatment, but something which will likely need to be done repeatedly to see true benefit and healing. Note that the Zappicator can be used beneath a towel (or a thin pillow), for reasons of comfort. According to manufacturer literature, the Zappicator's effect extends a full lateral foot, and passes through most substances (excepting metals, naturally).

Safety-wise, I would place the Zappicator above even the Zapper, since there isn't even the weak current of a nine-volt battery involved. Though, considering that we don't know everything about the Zappicator and its mechanism, I would err on the side of caution and not use it in conjunction with, say, a Pacemaker, or when extremely ill, or in any other acutely delicate circumstances. One thing I should point out is that I learned not to apply the Zappicator to my head and brain, restricting my use of it to below the neckline -- though not for the same reasons as zapping (electrical current). In this case, it was a matter of infection and die-off, for my systemic infection was definitely in the brain and head, and routine zappicating of that area was a no-no (as best as I could determine, it produced too much die-off toxicity to be easily disposed of, thereby leaving it to linger in the brain; I would feel intolerably ill for days after zappicating the head, forcing me to stop). Someone else might be fine zappicating their head and brain (I've read several positive, though anecdotal, reports of such). Then again, I feel I should give warning by sharing my experience in this regard.

5) Earthing

If you've ever walked through the grass with wet feet, you've “earthed.”

The theory behind earthing is, essentially, that the ground is teeming with negative ions that do all kinds of good stuff for the body, and that, through direct, bare-skin contact with the ground (or with a special, conductive “earthing pad”), we can absorb those ions and reap their benefits. The claims are many -- anti-inflammation, glandular improvement (specifically of the thyroid), improved blood flow, improved sleep -- and, as usual, all are debated. Also as usual, I will direct the reader to research these things on their own, online or elsewhere, as I will instead focus on my experiences with earthing and how it related to my healing.

Debate and contentions aside, I have concluded that earthing indeed has an observable, predictable effect on my body. Furthermore, that effect seems to be positive, as to help fight my parasites and systemic infection, plus energize and fortify me in general. As far as the other claims attached to earthing, I am unable to conclusively endorse it; though I've seen some supporting evidence in these areas, I've not confirmed them through my personal observation and experience. Thus, in terms of the greater treatment, earthing is regarded accordingly, as an anti-parasite and -infection aid, with the other benefits relegated to potentials that might or might not exist. It is under this context that I integrated earthing in my treatment, and indeed, it seemed to work to that extent, as measured by the die-off toxicity which would consistently occur following an earthing session (and, a pleasant rush of general energy and wellbeing that I came to anticipate).



A Medium-Size Earthing Pad (with wall plug)

There are many ways to earth. Foremost is the obvious: to literally touch the ground. Sitting outside for an hour with one's bare feet on damp grass will yield the same effect (or better) than the fanciest, most expensive doodad out there. However, because it's not always convenient (or possible) to do it the old-fashioned way, there are earthing utensils available, such as the pad pictured above (as well as bed sheets, or attachments for earthing one's shoes). In my personal treatment, I used the rectangular pad pictured above, for hour-long sessions in the morning; also, I did "the real thing" for a half-hour while sunning outside, when the weather cooperated. There are those who claim that "real" earthing, with one's skin touching the ground, is superior to the "synthetic" version offered by pads and the like; but in my experience, the two are identical, at least as far as I can tell. Perhaps there are less-observable advantages to actual, on-the-ground earthing; in any case, both methods appear to combat parasites and infection while generally supporting the body. Additionally, earthing seemed to have a unique effect, so that certain sites of my infection that showed no response to the Zapper and Zappicator (such as the small intestine, for me) would respond to earthing.

Using an earthing pad is the least complicated part of the treatment, period. Simply plug it into the ground port of any standard electrical outlet, put your feet on it, and there you go. For the outlet, the only requirement is that it be properly wired, which can be checked via a cheap plug-in sensor (I've read that these plugs can be unreliable, but, for me, they've always indicated good, grounded outlets). As far as where to apply the earthing pad, it will, technically, work anywhere on the body; but, like the Zappicator, it appears ideal to have contact on the targeted organ or body part, assuming there is a target. Theoretically, your best bet is to apply it via the feet (both of them), for the same reason that zapping via footpads is superior: because the feet offer access to a specific acupuncture point which, supposedly, permeates much of the body. I can't personally attest to the effectiveness of this practice, but, regardless, I've found the feet to be the most convenient earthing points, if only because it frees up my hands.

Another tip about earthing: it possesses the same capacity for synergy as zapping and zappicating. That is, earthing is maximized by strategic timing, and will in turn maximize

other parts of the treatment. During my treatment, my main, hour-long earthing session started off my morning block, as an initial assault against my parasites and systemic infection, in addition to a good zap of that supportive energy which earthing appears to offer (plus, it's claimed that earthing syncs one's circadian rhythms with the planet; if this is indeed true, a morning session would, logically, have added benefit). From there, I would then get some bed rest and allow my body to detox some, followed by the day's first session on the rebounder trampoline (more detox), then an enema (also detoxifying), and then, finally, the sauna (likewise). By timing my earthing session in this manner, I would benefit doubly, by having the resulting die-off toxicity later moved along by the forthcoming practices, while simultaneously *augmenting* those practices by first weakening my infections (and supporting my body in general).

In terms of safety, earthing is, too, much like zapping and the like: lots of people have done it, and few if any have had a negative reaction, much less a harmful one. I've read minority reports from people feeling "unpleasant" or "uncomfortable" after earthing, and that's to be expected; though, I can't help but wonder if the unpleasantness experienced wasn't attributable to a healing reaction. As for myself, I too used to experience "unpleasantness" after earthing, which, as it turned out, was merely die-off toxicity resulting from having combated my infections (without my knowledge). In fact, it was for this reason that I only began regular earthing about halfway through my treatment, for only then, after months of daily breathing and sweating, were my infections tamed enough for me to tolerate any kind of earthing. As it were, this would suggest that earthing is somewhat different than zapping and the like, at least in terms of parasite- and infection-fighting capacity, since I was able to tolerate zapping from the start. This observation, combined with others, suggests the scope and power of earthing. So, besides regarding earthing as an attractive component of the treatment, it should also be wielded with caution and respect, the same as any other health practice, despite being so benign as placing one's bare feet to the ground.

A word of caution before I move on: look online, and you'll see earthing promoted as something that should be done as much as possible, without restraint. This isn't an illogical idea; after all, it's just like walking barefoot, and what harm could come of that? However, this reasoning is valid only for a healthy person (if then), for it doesn't take into account that earthing can produce a healing crisis and, in the case of an infection of some sort, an attendant wash of die-off toxicity. So, a word to the wise: earth in moderation at first, to see how you respond. Just because there are earthing bed sheets (and people who indeed earth as they sleep for eight hours) doesn't mean that it's safe to use them. Treat earthing like a hot bath: toe it before jumping it.

6) Sunlight

On the subject of sunlight, there's not much to say beyond the introduction in Part One. The benefits of sun exposure are many, as to supplement the greater treatment in any number of ways. I made sure to get at least a half-hour a day when possible -- an hour if time allowed -- and I have no doubt that it contributed, at least moderately, to my treatment's success. Of course, these durations will vary depending on fairness of skin,

time of year and its intensity of sun, and other factors. Safety-wise, sunlight, too, must be evaluated as a potential health hazard, for it's certainly possible to get too much (though, like so much else, sunlight's safety is also a matter of debate, with some people claiming that you can't get too much, and others insisting that even a daily half-hour of direct sunlight can pose a danger).

As I said before, I tried to simultaneously earth during my sunning sessions, by putting my bare feet on the ground (or cement, which is said to work as well). Also worth mentioning, I timed my sunning to be away from other parasite- and infection-fighting parts of the treatment, as to ease my toxicity load (from the die-off which often resulted from a sunning/earthing session).

7) Diet

Oh, of all the mammoth, too-big-for-a-book subjects, diet is it. So I'll just say that yes, diet is hugely important, and detail what diet I followed during my treatment.

First, I'll describe what I *didn't* eat when healing: the diet I was raised on. Growing up, I ate mostly junk food -- not quite the notorious Standard American Diet, but still far from a good one. To be sure, I was fed more than French fries, burgers, and soda pop, but my childhood diet did regularly include these things and unhealthy equivalents. Additionally, what I did eat was poor-quality, processed food with little to no nutritional value, and filled with noxious additives -- quasi-junk food, as it were. The only vitamins I took were chewables that contained aspartame, a known poison. I got no real exercise. My emotional diet was equally deficient, and often as poisonous. In a word, my diet and lifestyle were "bad," and though they could've been worse, the damage was still done. A knife can be as deadly as a gun.

One of the original things I did upon attempting to heal myself, nearly fifteen years ago, was to clean up my diet. First to go were processed foods, defined as any food significantly altered from its natural form, as to rob it of nutrition and/or introduce poisonous additives (like the flavoring chemical MSG and its derivatives) -- pretty much any prepackaged, "convenience" food. Generally speaking, if you read a food's list of ingredients and see anything other than the food itself, it's probably not fit to eat (unless you're starving, or eating for taste or pleasure rather than nutrition). So, foremost, my improved diet consisted of only real, minimally processed foods, such as whole, market-bought tomatoes rather than canned tomato sauce, or a simple chicken breast rather than a "chicken dinner" concoction (or even ground chicken). Etcetera. Of course, it's not like eating only whole foods is a ticket to good health, for there is much more to a "good" diet (such as whether it's compatible with you and your body, as not to aggravate food allergies or sensitivities, or other destructive processes). But, all in all, pretty much any remotely healthy diet will begin with eating whole, minimally processed foods, with their nutritional value intact, and free of poisonous additives (and, ideally, organically produced).

The second cornerstone of a “good” diet is, then, to eat what's compatible with you personally, and here's where things get too complex for this book. Because so many factors determine what's healthy, and because those factors are largely *personal and subjective*, a “good” diet can change from individual to individual, sometimes drastically. For instance, I have reason to believe that the “Blood-Type Diet” philosophy is at least minimally true, and in that doctrine, one person's “good” diet is another's anathema, and vice-versa. Likewise, there's a whole quagmire of metabolic specifics relevant here, which can be more than a little confusing. So, as far as determining just what's right for you, you're on your own.

Read. Experiment. Read more; repeat. Personal experience: it's the only way to really know what works and what's right for you (or so has been my personal experience).

What was right for *me*? After endless rollercoasters of different diets, with many battles against sensitivities and the like along the way, I settled on a high-fat, high-protein, low-carbohydrate diet, popularly known as a “paleo” diet, or “ketogenic” diet, or several other pop-health variations. But, in the end, my diet was really nothing special or trendy. Instead, it just operated on a couple key metabolic principles, as well as catering to my personal physiology (and respecting my delicate health, which created sensitivities to many common food substances). Essentially, the advantages of my chosen diet were based on its nutritional properties, which not only offered nourishment in a way my body could assimilate, but would also shift my metabolism to a superior mode, namely that of using fat and protein as its primary fuel sources (instead of carbohydrates), like switching a car from gas to electric.

To facilitate this metabolic shift, I ate fats at most meals -- though only the *right* fats. Whole, unprocessed, nutritionally rich fats like ghee, coconut oil, olive oil, avocados, and that from most nuts and seeds (along with some animal fats every now and then, to obtain the minimal amount of cholesterol necessary for hormonal processes). I strictly avoided all processed varieties of these fats, and certain vegetable oils (such as soy and canola). For protein, I ate minimally processed meats (either baked, boiled, or pan-fried at a low temperature in ghee or coconut oil), with liver once or twice a week (local lamb), plus the aforementioned nuts and seeds (sunflower, almonds, brazil nuts, and, occasionally, sesame tahini). Ironically, my food sensitivities prevented me from eating most greens regularly, but I did eat them as much as I could tolerate (spinach, kale, romaine lettuce, broccoli, sprouts of all varieties). Fruits were limited, due to sugar content (I ate an apple most mornings, or occasionally some berries or a banana, but eventually stopped even these). Other vegetables that agreed with me were eggplant, carrots, most squashes, beets, and most mushrooms. My vegetables were almost always thoroughly steamed, even those edible raw, as to ease digestion. (Note: some people with gut problems can't tolerate root vegetables like carrots and beets, whether from their semi-starchy nature or their fructose content. Personally, I seemed to do okay with anything short of grains and potatoes, but, from what I've seen in my research, others aren't so fortunate. Be aware of this possibility, as an inability to digest such vegetables can be a source of gut inflammation, and all manner of problems which spring from it.) I used no seasonings, usually; for a typical meal, the only things I added were sea salt (the unprocessed, pink, Himalayan-

type) and organic Stevia extract (the kind with only extract of the Stevia leaf, not that mixed with maltodextrin or other additives). And, speaking of Stevia: I found this substance to be not only great-tasting, but also to alkalize foods it was added to (great for coffee), and to normalize blood-sugar (as I discovered while still eating high-carb grains, in the past).

If I ate anything else, it was only infrequently, either because eating more of it would aggravate a sensitivity, was high-carb, or was somehow questionable (for instance, I found that I could eat dairy once a week without any obvious detriment, or, say, the odd meal of processed foods from a can or a restaurant).

An important part of my healing, and the treatment's overall success, was the identification of my food sensitivities. Some people call these “allergies,” but that's not quite right. Rather than proper allergies, I'm referring to personal sensitivities to substances in certain foods, which, though as common as food allergies, work by a fundamentally different mechanism. While an allergic reaction is immunological in nature, provoking an immune response within the body, food sensitivities stem from metabolic dysfunction, such as a compromised liver failing to successfully process and detox troublesome food substances faster than they are eaten (as was the case with me, my liver being generally sluggish and overwhelmed). Particularly, the substances I'm sensitive to are known as “phenols,” a group which includes salicylates, oxalates, and tannins; additionally, I possess some unidentified intolerances to a single food or group of foods. Also on this list was high-thiol foods, though only because excessive thiols can mobilize mercury in the body (a big no-no for the mercury-toxic, for mercury, once mobilized, will circulate freely, causing all manner of damage). For most of these substances, I could eat a certain amount and be symptom-free, only having problems with them once I crossed a threshold (that is, when my body ceased to keep pace, and the substances began backing up in my metabolic pathways). For others, I could eat little to none of them, forcing me to strictly avoid the culprit foods.

How'd I learn of my food sensitivities? Mostly through blind, trial-and-error experience, much of it painful and debilitating (everyday food substances can do terrible things when unable to be sufficiently metabolized). Luckily, I kept a health journal through the latter years of my illness, detailing my meals to the ingredient, followed by my reaction to them; this was invaluable in identifying what I could and couldn't eat. Save yourself some problems by actively identifying any sensitivities you might have, rather than being forced to out of pain.

Now, I must touch on the age-old topic of sugar, as should any good dietary guidelines. However well-circulated this knowledge, I must repeat it: *sugar is harmful*. By instigating all manner of health problems, from excess weight to depression to gut inflammation (all of which I've personally experienced, and been able to correlate directly with sugar intake), everyday table sugar takes the prize as one of the worst things you can eat (though it does, ironically, contend with artificial sweeteners like aspartame). I'm not going to harp on the subject, to avoid beating a long-dead horse; but I do figure it's worth a paragraph, if only because, with its ubiquity and the nonchalance of its

consumption, it's easy to forget that, indeed, processed sugar truly is something that can, in some small way, kill you.

Also in this vein, I should point out the virtues of another common dietary neglect: healthy dining habits. For instance, thoroughly chewing one's food. As a child, you might have been nagged by your elders to take small bites and chew them very well, rather than “woofing down” one's meals. There is wisdom in this practice, for chewing is, after all, the first stage of digestion; and, with digestion being a huge toll on one's energy, it's vital that food be thoroughly chewed. Rather than chewing so many times, a good rule of thumb is to chew the food to a liquid consistency, until further chewing sees no change. Beyond simply breaking the food down, chewing aids enzymatic processes in the saliva, providing further digestive support. During my treatment (and for quite some time before), I made a point of chewing my food in this manner, as well as eating intentionally and slowly. Also, I made sure to eat only when relaxed and in a controlled, comfortable environment, as stressed eating can, in my experience, also produce digestive burden. These habits are important for anyone, but that goes double for someone sick (and, for a sick person trying to get well, perhaps triple).

A closing note on diet: I'm sure that, while reading this section, some people vehemently disagreed with my food choices, citing various doctrines and dietary authorities. And that's okay; everyone is entitled to their opinion, and, with the abundance of confusing, contradictory, and inconclusive health information out there, I understand why differing opinions might exist. But please, don't mistake my diet philosophy for ignorance (or arrogance); this is just what I've found to work for me (after over a decade of research and experimentation, no less). Maybe there's a better diet, or maybe I *am* just plain wrong. In any case, I'm just throwing my bread on the waters, here.

8) Exercise

Exercise, while paramount for good health, is as subjective and murky as diet, with one man's perfect regime being another's counterproductive waste of time. Thus, I'll again just cover what worked for me during my treatment.

In my case, exercise had a double-edge: I absolutely needed it for the spectrum of benefits it offered, from metabolic and detoxification support, to improved mental health, to simple physical strength; yet, simultaneously, I absolutely despised it, because exercise is the last thing a desperately ill person feels like doing (much less the intensive, disciplined variety required for full benefit). But that's just what I did, almost every day, dragging myself to the gym (or the park, to walk) so that I might keep ahead of my illness.

My exercise regime wasn't special. At least three days a week, I did an hour of moderate weightlifting, at a fast pace as to incur some cardiovascular conditioning in the bargain. As for the specifics of my weightlifting, it wasn't complicated or scientific, with no calculation beyond targeting specific muscle groups in an appropriate rotation. (I did follow the conventional wisdom of eating a high-protein meal following a workout, for

what that's worth.) Interspersed with gym visits were the aforementioned walks at the park, performed as briskly as I could tolerate, also for approximately an hour at a go. Between these things and simply doing chores and caring for myself, I stayed perpetually exerted, enough to supply the benefits offered by regular exercise. As it related to the greater treatment, my exercise was done at the most tactical time of day: almost always the afternoon, which would help clear out the morning's die-off and toxins while making room for the evening's. It was a functional arrangement. In the event that I would get behind, going longer than a day or two without active exercise of some kind, I would definitely feel the difference.

I have only one real tip regarding exercise, which I discovered the hard way: there is such a thing as overexertion, and it's not always so obvious when that line is crossed. Because of the sickness and suffering I experienced when not exercising, this instilled in me a drive to exercise as much as possible, as long as possible, and as hard as possible -- not an illogical desire, but a potentially dangerous one, in the vein of "too much of a good thing." When juggling this will to exercise, I had to learn to pace myself, as to exercise only a set amount instead of according to how I felt. That is, I would often have it in my mind that so long as I felt sick, I should keep exercising, to feel better; but this ethic, though also logical, wasn't always true, for more exercise does not always equate to feeling better (and can in fact be counterproductive). Some people might be able to gauge their exercise tolerance in this way, going purely on how they feel; for those like me, however, who consistently felt sick and run-down, feelings can't be relied upon, so that trusting them blindly can lead to flat-out exhaustion.

9) Dietary Supplements

This section finishes out the topics that are too subjective for specifics, yet too important to ignore.

First, another disclaimer: I do not condone supplements as substitutes for real treatment. For much of my years of sickness, I took supplements -- many, many supplements, dozens of different types, hoping for some shred of relief. In some ways, the supplements helped, at least at the symptomatic level; in another way, however, they were a stumbling block for me, because I sometimes turned to them instead of seeking out true, therapeutic treatment, in a quick-fix mentality. It's not that I never made *any* effort toward a real cure; quite the contrary. That effort was just not maximal, and always underscored by a quiet hope for some easy solution. Perhaps this sort of thinking was influenced by my culture and upbringing (and from my crushing disease and lack of energy to invest in a real cure). But, all the same, my search for the supplement Grail did waste a lot of time, effort, and money which could've been better spent. Really, it wasn't until I hit rock bottom and committed to doing whatever was necessary to heal, that I gave up on an easy cure from some super-supplement. Otherwise, I might never have pursued the treatment described in this book.

Now, with that out of the way, I'll share with you which supplements I found helpful:

* Parasite-wise, I've already mentioned the Clark-cleanse herbs (wormwood, cloves, and extract of the black walnut hull), along with Humaworm and colloidal silver, which have all been moderately to highly effective in my experience. Coconut oil, garlic, and certain other anti-parasitic foods have proven valuable in this area, also, but I can't say the same for their supplemental derivatives, having never tried them (with the exception of "Kyolic" brand garlic, which in fact seemed to be even more effective than its whole-food counterpart).

* For energy and general support, I've found rhodiola root to have some effect as an all-around tonic, similar to what ginseng is regularly made out to be (ginseng has little effect on me, except at doses so high that I become over-stimulated; I did, however, take a low dose of it every several days, as it seemed to have a pro-immunity effect).

* I've supplemented the gamut of minerals (for the many deficiencies created by the mercury's displacement of other metals and the like), with varying degrees of success. I found it helpful to regularly supplement zinc, selenium, and iodine (Lugol's 2.2% solution) in this regard. Once upon a time, supplementing magnesium proved helpful, until it suddenly stopped showing the slightest effect on me, whichever form, brand, or dosage I tried.

*In particular, zinc proved highly important, as well as difficult to effectively supplement. That is, my body seemed only to absorb a certain form, that of chelated glycinate, whereas any other proved ineffective for the most part (including zinc picolinate and the "Optizinc" formula, those widely regarded as the most absorbable). Ironically, I discovered zinc glycinate, and my body's preference for it, wholly by accident, when I ran out of my previous bottle and was forced to shop at a store where the glycinate was the best deal. Interestingly, this turned out to be a boon for me, as taking the glycinate would reveal how I'd been zinc deficient for some time, perhaps years. After beginning that new bottle of zinc glycinate, I suddenly experienced a deluge of die-off toxicity, which repeated with each dose I took, therefore leading me to re-research zinc and, subsequently, the question of deficiency (zinc being key to immunological function, I was experiencing die-off of my systemic infection upon becoming sufficient in the mineral). This deficiency took me by surprise, for not only had I been supplementing zinc for years, but hair-testing had shown me to be sufficient -- which, I learned then, is typical in this particular deficiency, with hair tests able to show sufficient levels while blood levels remain deficient, to devastating ends (zinc has huge application in the body, being central to a great many core processes, from cellular energy production to thyroid gland function, thus it's one of the more damaging deficiencies). As it were, that watershed bottle of zinc glycinate I bought (and continued buying thereafter) was NOW brand

30mg “Albion” capsules, with 250mg pumpkin seed oil added in, taken once daily with a meal and apart from other mineral supplements. (Were I to take more than one of these 30mg doses, the immune response would become overwhelming.)

* B vitamins: in my experience, synthetic B vitamins are entirely unreliable, and in fact only had negative effects on me. Natural B vitamins, however, are a different story. Some years ago, I discovered Megafoods' whole-food B complex, which works very well for me (at one dose taken every other day). Bee pollen was another source of B vitamins I seemed to respond to (but only the fresh, unprocessed, whole-food kind; the bee pollen supplements I tried were ineffective for me). Also, I was, apparently, deficient in B12 to some degree (never tested, given the notorious inaccuracy of such tests), for using B12 skin patches yielded some improvement in various respects (5,000mcg, “Dr. David's” brand). Conversely, the many oral B12 supplements I've tried, including the sublingual pills, yielded nothing whatsoever (presumably, my gut does not produce the “intrinsic factor” necessary to absorb oral B12 in any capacity).

* Vitamin C: I've tried many different kinds -- endless brands and endless forms, synthetic and natural -- and the effect has been largely the same. I settled for taking one gram of some type of ascorbic acid daily at lunch, as any more would over-stimulate my adrenals and/or be too hard on my stomach. Currently, I use Ester-C (powder instead of pills, added to food), the “non-acidic” form, which does indeed seem to be easier on my gut.

* Digestive enzymes proved helpful to some extent, especially back when I was still eating grains (which, from the last couple years of my illness onward, I simply avoided entirely).

*Peppermint oil proved helpful for alleviating mild gut discomfort, though not much beyond that. Similarly, high-quality aloe vera juice helped my gut in some capacity; however, I could only drink aloe infrequently, due to some odd side-effects which would rear up after regular use. As for the miraculous effects that have been ascribed to aloe vera supplementation, I cannot comment.

* I constantly supplemented omega 3-rich oils of various kinds, since I had reason to believe that my digestion was impaired beyond being able to process and assimilate those from most foods. Twinlabs cod liver oil was a mainstay in this regard, being cheap, effective, and reliable (not given to the rancidity of many lower-quality oils). An interesting side note here: at one point in my treatment, I tried a bottle of Green Pasture Fermented Skate Oil, to test anecdotal claims that it decalcified the pineal gland -- and darned if I didn't observe effects that lent to that. Once again, your

mileage may vary, but skate oil did indeed seem to have some auxiliary effect beyond providing good, omega-3-rich fish oil, one which somehow involved my pineal gland.

* I've tried many hormonal and glandular supplements, and about the only I saw effect from were DHEA (with the side effect of burdening my liver) and pregnenolone (no side effects, and noticeably effective in providing the sort of benefits hoped for from DHEA, though not as powerfully). Toward the end of my treatment, however, neither of these showed effect, mysteriously (perhaps from my body healing enough to resume proper hormonal function on its own).

* Probiotics: I tried many over the course of my illness (including those from food, fermenting my own sauerkraut and the like), and only saw the most transitory and insubstantial effects, such that I can't really recommend any probiotic supplements as effective (however many people have seen success from them).

* One interesting pair of herbs I found generally beneficial was ginkgo biloba and grapeseed extract, taken three times a day, 60mg and 100mg respectively. This combo would consistently bring about a systemic anti-inflammatory effect in me (great for breathing exercises), as well as a general cognitive and energetic boost.

* As far as anxiolytics and sleep-promoting substances go, I found none to work to any significant degree (for my insomnia and constant, overbearing anxiety), though this is probably because my conditions stemmed primarily from the toxic backwash of the parasites and my systemic infection, rather than being simply psychological, or stemming from a more-yielding physical source. Taking large doses (20mg+) of melatonin did sometimes help me sleep, but even that was hit-or-miss. Camu camu powder did have a noticeable calming effect on me (and provided a therapeutic dose of natural vitamin C), but not enough to warrant its extraordinary price (for my budget, at least).

* Mushrooms: I found reishi and cordyceps mushrooms to be effective in various ways, mostly as general tonics (reishi with a bit of an anti-stress/"adaptogenic" effect, while cordyceps had a primarily a pro-adrenal, stimulatory effect). I would cycle on and off of these, reishi especially, depending on whether I had the money or not. An important note: there was, in my experience, a distinct difference in quality between cheap mushroom supplements and expensive ones, the former being totally ineffective. "Host Defense" brand whole mushrooms were one consistently effective brand I used.

* Green tea extract (ECGC): I found this to be sometimes highly effective, and only mildly so others, for some reason I never learned. I believe that part of its effect was against my systemic infection, as supported by a study in which ECGC was shown to combat yeast overgrowth (namely *candida albicans*, which, for this reason and others, is the chief suspect as for just what my mystery infection was). For what it's worth, I took "Chi Tea" brand liquid green-tea extract, due to its being fluoride-free (though I did sometimes revert to simple, encapsulated ECGC extract at times).

* I became quite fond of bentonite clay, a supplementary clay which can absorb toxins circulating in the GI tract. When used internally, bentonite is suited to collecting and removing toxic substances from the gut (some people claim it works beyond that, extending to the whole body, but I've seen no evidence of this, personally). Throughout my treatment, I was prone to having all kinds of nasty stuff in my GI tract, whether stirred-up mercury, parasite excretions, or die-off toxicity; and bentonite clay was my go-to remedy. Also, I made use of it daily, as a precaution when doing sweat therapy, enemas, or anything else that could potentially stir up undesirables. In my experience, bentonite clay is effective at absorbing circulating toxins from the GI tract, though I cannot endorse it beyond that. I've tried several substances with this aim, including sodium alginate and psyllium husk, but bentonite clay was the only one which consistently demonstrated effectiveness in this area (it was ideal for accidental mercury stir-ups). Alginate and psyllium certainly have their fans, and, for all I know, that fanfare is deserved; I just can't give those remedies my own seal of approval.

* My favorite detox aid was watermelon seed tea. Popularized by the famous psychic Edgar Cayce, the tea is intended to help clear the kidneys (including of calcified "stones," if one has that problem) and aid their eliminatory function. Better-functioning kidneys translate to better detoxification of the body in general, so watermelon seed tea is, naturally, attractive to one considering this book's treatment. In my experience, the tea is indeed effective in aiding kidney function, as confirmed to me by repeated trials of it, with consistent, substantial results (both for myself and others I've introduced it to). It's made by brewing a tablespoon of ground watermelon seeds for fifteen minutes in a saucepan, with four cups of water, then drinking the tea fresh, on an empty stomach (ideally). I prepared the tea in this fashion, drinking it every other day for periods of several weeks (with a week-long break here and there).

* I'm fond of turmeric, finding it helpful in many ways, from fighting inflammation to a distinct anti-depressant effect. But, like a lot of people, I've had trouble absorbing it properly. I've tried several extracts and the like, but have seen no difference between just eating a teaspoon or two of

the plain old root. For me, absorption comes best when eaten with a fatty meal (turmeric in olive oil and salt makes a great salad dressing). Also, as mentioned earlier, turmeric tends to have a pro-oxygenating effect in me, making it a great compliment to the breathing exercises. Note: I took turmeric only every two or three days, because it can, supposedly, increase thiol levels in the body, which can in turn stir up mercury.

* Chelation supplements: Upon reading of my mercury toxicity, those familiar with chelation therapy were probably wondering why I went through the trouble of doing the hot baths and sauna to detox, when there was the proven option of chelation (using mercury-binding substances to mobilize and excrete it from the body). There is good reason for my preference: I tried chelation, and found it intolerable. I tried several chelating substances (namely modified citrus pectin, and DMSA, using the popular Andy Cutler protocol), but all were simply too harsh for me, even at the lowest, gentlest dose and frequency. Conversely, sweat therapy was entirely different by contrast, without the hellish effects I experienced with chelation; this is, I believe, because sweating out heavy metals operates on an entirely different mechanism than chelation, excreting the toxins directly, through the skin, rather than stirring them up and *then* excreting them, in roundabout fashion (the stirring-up of mercury -- even the contained stir-up of low-dose chelation -- is what affected me so badly, with it causing inflammation throughout the body, when I was already chronically inflamed). Note, however, that I seem to be, once again, the exception rather than the rule in this regard, for many have reported great success with chelation, especially the Cutler protocol (which is, ironically, praised for its gentleness). It's also worth mentioning that some people combine sweat therapy and chelation, using the two to compliment one another; I have not tried this, instead settling on sweating only (both because it was doable for me, and also because I had multiple toxic accumulations, including arsenic, which might not be removed by individual chelating substances, unlike sweat therapy's inclusive, broad-scale detoxification).

For anything I didn't list, I've probably tried it and it didn't work for me, in whatever capacity. Yes, my supplementation experience is that extensive.

Here's what I took regularly during most of my year of treatment, for what it's worth:

Ginkgo biloba extract (60mg two or three times daily, at meals)

Grapeseed extract (100mg two-three times daily, at meals)

Reishi mushrooms (1g whole-mushroom capsules, usually at meals)

Vitamin D3 5,000-10,000iu once daily (when I couldn't get regular sun exposure)

Natural vitamin E 400-800iu once daily (d-alpha tocopheryl, *not* the synthetic, dl- version)

Omega 3 oils at most meals, of various kinds and amounts (fish oil, typically)

Selenium 200mcg once daily (I used a Swanson Brands selenomethionine primarily)

Megafoods B complex once every other day, at lunchtime

Digestive enzymes of various kinds, at lunch and dinner (because my breakfasts were small, usually just a piece of fruit, since I wasn't very active in the morning)

Pregnenolone 25mg once daily (I went a couple months without this supplement during my treatment, as a trial to gauge its effect)

Rhodiola at various doses, usually in late morning and on an empty stomach

Lugol's iodine (usually maintenance-level doses, 2.5-5mg/one-two drops), every two-three days

Various probiotics, in futile attempts at colonizing my infection-ridden gut

Zinc glycinate, 30mg a day

I'm not sure how integral (or, alternately, prohibitive) my supplement regime was, since I didn't focus on it too much during my treatment, instead depending on the active practices and their therapeutic strength. Make of this list what you will.

Two of my favorite longtime supplements are, ironically, not supplements at all, but *foods*: coffee and dark chocolate. I know, I know, there's some fierce debate about both of these substances, with some people hailing them as “super-foods,” while as many denounce them as outright unhealthy. The reality is, I believe, somewhere in between, such that sometimes, for some people, coffee and dark chocolate can be enriching, and for others, destructive. How? Simple: another case of subjectivity, and the significant differences in response that can result from individual physiology and the like.

Also, I think there's some confusion about just what's referred to as “coffee” and “dark chocolate,” and this is the source of much of the controversy. For example, your cheap, instant, non-organic coffee is far different than a gourmet, whole-bean, organic variety --

so different, they might as well be apples and oranges, for the contrast is truly that large. Not only does whole-bean coffee contain many substances stripped from instant coffee in processing (especially fresh, newly roasted whole-bean coffee, which retains the most oils and their goodness), but that same processing *introduces* things into the lesser coffee, none of them good (toxic forms of certain minerals, for instance). This was best demonstrated by my experience with coffee, which, when I first tried it some years ago, I reacted badly to, with all the negative effects typically pinned on “coffee” (adrenal over-stimulation, gut upset, acidity, caffeine-related side-effects). When I later tried whole-bean coffee, however, the effect was entirely different, as to be starkly *helpful*. Hard to believe? I certainly thought so, especially after years of believing coffee to be nothing less than poison.

So, lesser coffees must be distinguished from good, fresh, whole-bean coffee, for, unless I'm just a fluke, my experience would suggest a big rift between the two. The same goes for dark chocolate: if one is looking at a bar of junk-food “dark chocolate,” in which sugar is the first ingredient (followed by a bunch of flavoring chemicals, texture-enhancers, and other additives), then that's a far cry from a simple bar of unsweetened, 100%-cacao baker's chocolate. And yes, even then there is reason to contend chocolate's health benefits; but for me, I've found benefit from coffee and dark chocolate both -- perhaps only short-term, from the antioxidants, caffeine, and like substances, but still beneficial. Perhaps there are long-term negatives I'm not aware of or haven't experimented long enough to observe (I've done months-long on-and-off trials for coffee and dark chocolate both, separate and combined); I can't say for sure. But, in any case, all short- and mid-term indicators point only to benefit in these substances' regard. The only negative I've encountered with them is their acidity, and this is combated with some Stevia extract. Some people might contend that the nickel content of even the best coffees and dark chocolates should be of concern to the health-minded, especially if one has parasites (which supposedly subside on nickel as part of their metabolism); in my experience, however, my nickel levels are not at all elevated (or so said a recent hair test, which, as I understand it, is one of the more reliable tests for nickel), and I've noticed no difference in parasite activity when on or off coffee and dark chocolate.

Good? Bad? Decide for yourself. Though keep in mind: all things in moderation. Even if coffee and dark chocolate are situationally and individually beneficial, that doesn't give one license to indulge in excessive amounts, which can, like too much of any good thing, easily reverse the merits in question. Personally, I limited my coffee intake to one strong cup a day (using about two tablespoons of beans), and no more than an ounce of dark chocolate (unsweetened, 100% cacao only).

Now, one last word on herbs and supplements: generally, standalone practices are superior to herbal/supplementary treatments. That is, there are certain innate advantages to treating oneself using direct, healing therapies instead of the use of herbs. Namely, I speak of holistic value, in which a single standalone practice can offer a broad, comprehensive array of benefits and/or possess less side-effects. For instance, the breathing exercises: the oxygenation and energetic effects not only fight infection and parasites, but bring general support to the body, plus other, subtler benefit. Of course,

doing the breathing exercises to combat infection will bring about side effects, in the form of die-off toxicity and the like; but that's not the point. Rather, the point is the amount of unwanted effects *in proportion to the benefits*. In this case, compare breathing exercises to, say, coconut oil: for me, regularly eating coconut oil would bring about noticeable die-off toxicity, comparable to doing regular breathing exercises. Yet the benefits of eating coconut oil were, in my case, largely singular, overall far less than those achieved by the breathing exercises. Similar die-off toxicity (and bodily effort to detox it), but less benefit. In fact, the breathing exercises themselves would actually *help* detox the very die-off they would produce, due to their far-reaching holistic effects (such as supporting the metabolic processes, and serving as a “pump” for the lymphatic system, etcetera).

The moral of the story: it pays to be strategic with your chosen practices, how you implement them, and how you supplement them, if supplementation is to be used (especially when a steady, elevated toxicity load is at play, which can tax one's bodily resources like nothing else). Take into consideration the broader pros and cons of the treatment you ultimately decide upon, as to streamline it for maximize results. As for me, I had better luck putting preference to direct practice rather than herbs and supplements, for the latter just didn't give as much bang for the buck (at least the herbs and such I used).

10) The Rebounder Trampoline

The claim: ten minutes of jumping on a rebounder will exercise every cell in the body, and do so in a unique way that is highly beneficial. I was skeptical of this pitch, but after experimenting firsthand with a rebounder for just a few sessions, I was convinced -- and more. Without the rebounder, I don't know if my treatment would've been nearly so easy (if successful at all).

It's all about the lymphatic system -- or, in my case, a *dysfunctional* lymphatic system. As I learned only after starting my treatment, my lymphatic system had, until then, been largely inoperative. Only when I began the breathing exercises and sweat therapy (in the form of baths) did I see my lymphatic system start to operate properly. I realized then, after observing the signs and symptoms I would come to recognize as lymphatic function, that I hadn't really been aware of the lymphatic system at all, for all my prior attempts at healing and detoxification. As for why the breathing and sweating had this effect of enlivening my lymphatic system to the point that I took notice, I'm not quite sure (maybe a lack of proper stimulation, or the overburdening created by my bad health; perhaps, even, due to the depth of bodily infiltration by parasites and my mystery infection). Whatever the reason, my lymphatic system did indeed awaken once I began those core components of the treatment, and it's a good thing, for I found sufficient lymphatic function to be essential for dealing with the elevated toxic load I would face while ridding myself of the mercury and infections during my year-long course of treatment, from their steady fallout of die-off toxins and the like (not to mention the metabolic waste which must be disposed of even when the body is healthy and functional). To have faced

such a regular, elevated detox load with a dysfunctional lymphatic system would be akin to crossing a desert without legs.

Thankfully, I discovered the rebounder trampoline. If the initial resurrection of my lymphatic system was the “legs” that would get me through my treatment, the rebounder was the “running” which would strengthen them. That is, jumping on the rebounder stimulates and cycles the lymph fluid that collects and transports toxins throughout the body, thereby eliminating stagnation of said fluid (and supporting the lymphatic system as a whole). As the theory goes, the unique gravitational effects of jumping on a rebounder trampoline (or, rather, the *absence* of gravity, while suspended in the air) exerts this lymphatic effect; and, supposedly, the rebounder is the best means of obtaining it. To make a long story short, this has indeed been my experience with the rebounder, that it greatly aids in lymphatic function, and after just minutes of use. Ironically, I was only able to conclude on the rebounder's effectiveness because of my prior experiences with the breathing and sweating and their stimulation of lymphatic function, without which I wouldn't have been able to identify the rebounder's lymphatic benefit. Had I not been equipped with these observations beforehand (which had come to me literally just months before having learned, by total chance, of the rebounder's existence), I might not have been so impressed with the rebounder as to pursue it (and would have missed out on its continued lymphatic benefit).

But pursue it I did, and thus began my rebounder saga. I used it twice a day, ten minutes at a go, on the morning-and-evening schedule quoted in Part Two. There are, as it were, all kinds of fancy variations of exercises one can do on a rebounder, from jumping jacks to liver-squeezing twists, but I found these unnecessary for the simple goal of aiding lymphatic function. You may feel differently, especially if your aim is to get good exercise (for the rebounder is indeed good exercise, especially if done for more than ten minutes); but, regardless, I found a basic, up-down bounce to be more than adequate at getting my lymphatic mojo going. The one variation of my rebounder use was in strength of bounce, depending on how I felt and my energy levels. The only real tip I have (other than don't fall off the thing) is to keep your feet flat and square, and to bounce on the heel of the foot (not the ball or toe, as might feel natural; this can, supposedly, stress the foot in unhealthy ways). Also, it helps to relax as much as possible, as tension and hesitation can prevent a good, lymph-moving bounce. As for when to use it, I timed my sessions when their lymphatic aid would be most tactical, such as after my morning earthing sessions or before my evening breathing exercises.

Which to buy, of the plethora available? Good question, and not one easily answered. Unable to buy a rebounder locally, I was forced to choose one online, sight unseen, without having jumped on any sort of trampoline since early childhood. After whatever research and comparisons could be conducted virtually, I settled on the “Cellerciser” rebounder, due to positive reviews on construction, effectiveness, and manufacturer credibility. (I repeat: I have no affiliation with any of the products or companies referenced in this book. My recommendations are purely informational, not biased promotions.) As it stands, I've been highly pleased with my choice, in all respects. I'm sure that someone, somewhere, has had the opposite experience with their Cellerciser,

and I've read reports from people who contend that there are better rebounders out there. But, for what it's worth, I'm quite happy with my Cellerciser, and it's done a fine job throughout the paces of my treatment.

I've experienced additional, unexpected benefit from my adoption of the rebounder. Namely, it has helped support my back and shoulders, which, prior to rebounding, were a constant source of pain and discomfort, such that I was forced to be highly picky about where I could and couldn't sit. But, after a mere week or so of rebounder use, no longer. Not that it healed me in these respects, mind you (that would take months of extensive bodywork, as detailed in a later section of the book); rather, the rebounder just seemed to offer enough support to calm my problem areas, such that I could better tolerate sitting in a less-than-ideal seat. In fact, in the months preceding my chance discovery of the rebounder, I had suffered terribly from an acute neck-and-shoulder injury that refused to be resolved -- only to have it vanish once I began doing the rebounder. Between that and the noticeable improvement to my spine and ability to sit (plus some other circumstantial evidence), I'm forced to conclude that the rebounder exerts at least some sort of positive, therapeutic effect on the spine and shoulders. Just what this effect is, or how deep it goes, I can't say; but I can confidently state that the effect does exist, at least for me and my condition at the time.

Another virtue of the rebounder is its use as a gateway to the greater treatment. Because of the impact of the full-out treatment, and its potential to exceed the bodily tolerances of the sick folks it's intended for, most people need to ease into it, perhaps one practice at a time, spanning weeks, as to slowly construct the total treatment piecemeal; and, as it were, the rebounder would make an ideal starting point in that regard, since it offers exercise and general support in addition to its conditioning of the lymphatic system, all of which would lend toward the goal of undertaking the complete treatment. Plus, there's one other positive of the rebounder: it can be darn fun, every bit "like being a kid again."

11) Colonic Irrigation

Constipation is the enemy of all health and wellbeing. Or, I should say, *toxicity* is the enemy. Yet, constipation is almost synonymous in this regard because it's one of the best conduits of toxicity, and so common that it's easy to mistake as benign. That's a mistake that I made for some time, as did those around me, such that it became something of a running joke (helped none by the underpinnings of toilet humor). But nothing could've been less of a joke.

As indicated several times in this book, it's essential to detoxify and unburden the body if healing is to occur in any lasting way, and constipation is at direct odds to that goal. A clean, non-toxic bowel alone can go a long way toward holistic health; though, detoxifying the bowel can be difficult, especially once already polluted and impaired. Luckily, one way of reclaiming bowel health is regular irrigation of the colon.

It was a godsend for me. After struggling with constipation from childhood, then having it become chronic as my illness progressed as an adult, I embraced colonic irrigation, in

the form of an everyday, no-frills enema. Oddly, I only discovered this practice relatively late in my sickness, just a couple years before undergoing my milestone treatment; I'd never considered enemas prior, for the same reasons that, I think, a lot of people don't (namely, stigmas and hang-ups regarding anything bowel-related). Anyway, I did discover the enema, and it was a means of emptying my colon if need be, providing relief when nothing else worked. It was a stopgap solution, surely, not to be confused with a correction of the underlying problem; but it did fulfill a necessary requirement for healing, clearing away toxins and serving as a means to an end.

Like so much else in the treatment, my enemas were nothing fancy, just a daily four-quart water irrigation, done tactically, prior to entering the sauna. There was synergy here, too, for some quality of the sauna experience seemed to support my bowel anyway, such that emptying it beforehand would culminate in what I can only describe as “activity” throughout my intestines, small and large both. I'm not ready to conclude on just what this effect is, or even if it's anything substantial (beyond just some pleasantness incurred by having a freshly emptied colon further pampered by a sauna session). But, as usual, it's something I've regularly observed, and found notable enough for mention.

There are all sorts of elaborate, therapeutic enemas out there, including formal colonics done by a hulking machine (more on these later), but during my initial year of treatment, I never progressed much beyond simple water enemas. I tried adding apple cider vinegar once, and though this did kill some parasites, I found the effect far too harsh, even with just a teaspoon. One notable variation is the popular coffee enema. I actually did quite a few of these when I first got comfortable with enemas, as they were highly effective as far as moving the bowel, while providing other supposed benefits. I can't vouch for any of the long-term positives ascribed to coffee enemas, having witnessed mostly only an enhanced eliminatory effect rather than anything overtly therapeutic or corrective. For me, a coffee enema would sometimes produce a general feeling of “cleanliness,” and a surge of good, rare energy, which I believe to be from its purging effect on the liver (I can safely say it wasn't just some caffeine overspilling my rectum and giving me a buzz; I'm quite familiar with the effects of caffeine, and this was nothing like it). Interestingly, I found a big difference in coffee enemas depending on what type of coffee was used. I never experienced those good, “cleansing” coffee enemas until I started using whole-bean coffee, ground fresh; that is, using pre-ground coffee (which I did exclusively, at first) resulted only in moved bowels, never any of the “extras” I would occasionally experience (which touches on the differences in coffee I described earlier, that quality, fresh, whole-bean coffee contains substances not found in lesser, older, processed coffees, even those of a non-instant variety). I would come to espouse the coffee enema later on in my treatment, when focusing on restoring my liver and spleen to full function (also described in a latter section), and I still do the odd coffee enema every now and then, simply for their cleansing properties. For what it's worth, I use two tablespoons of light-roast beans, brewed for approximately five minutes and then allowed to cool, in a standard four-quart enema apparatus.

The only other enema I've tried was the probiotic enema, in which any standard probiotic mixture is suspended in a small amount water and then, once emptied into the rectum,

retained there for an hour or more, to introduce the flora directly into the large intestine. Several times throughout my treatment I tried probiotic enemas for a period of weeks, and though I saw some mild effect, it never really went anywhere for me. I'm not denouncing the practice, for I know that some people have seen excellent results from it, going so far as to cure highly difficult and otherwise resistant bowel conditions; I'm just not one of those people.

A word of warning regarding regular colonic irrigation: it can, reportedly, atrophy the intestinal muscles, resulting in an inability to move one's bowels normally. The idea makes sense: regularly pass stool without the need for peristaltic activity in the bowels, and that activity will cease, in "use it or lose it" fashion. I don't dispute this possibility; however, it was never a problem for me, for my daily enemas worked only to *stimulate natural peristalsis*, rather than serve as a substitute for such. Thus my intestinal muscles were still "exercised," as to retain their "fitness," ready to function normally once I wasn't so sick (which is indeed what would eventually happen). Then again, this was me and my experience; it might very well not be yours, and the risk of an atrophied colon must certainly be considered before undergoing such frequent enemas as I did.

12) Rest and Relaxation

For all of modern man's disdain for repose of any kind, rest remains essential to good health. The same goes for relaxation, and a fundamental stasis in one's condition and affairs. This rule applies to everyone to some degree or another, and never more so than when sick (especially when trying to get *well*). Such was the case for me and my recovery, so that rest became a therapy in itself, to be done as deliberately.

I used a planned approach to effective rest. Notice in my example schedule, quoted in Part Two, how all active parasite- or infection-killing practices (zapping, breathing, sweating, etcetera) are spaced throughout the day, with hours between them. This is not accidental, for it is meant to establish a pattern of treatment followed by recovery. I'm sure that everyone would do well to allow for some type of recovery after a toxin-mobilizing treatment; however, I had special need of this recovery, with my sluggish liver and spleen, and never more so than in the morning, when I felt even sicker than the rest of the day (hence my mandatory hour of post-earthing bed rest). And that's the gist of my rest "method," really: following any active part of the treatment with a restful recovery period, as to balance the two. As for how much rest is needed, and how often, that's another highly subjective figure, which could be anywhere from less than I required, to far more (as to spread a day's worth of the full-out treatment over multiple days). Once more, it depends on the individual.

The primary component of good rest: a proper technique.

A resting "technique" might sound odd, but indeed, rest is like most things in life: it can be done correctly, or incorrectly. So there's both a right and a wrong way to relax, and one must hone their resting technique for proper recovery. Environment is the first factor here, followed by psychological elements, as well as physical accessories. To illustrate

what I'm talking about, here's my personal “technique” for achieving a quality rest: I go to a quiet bedroom, isolated at the far side of the house (away from the road or any source of noise or activity), and then turn off all the lights, draw the blinds, and lie on a canopied bed. Next, I further isolate myself with a sleep mask and a set of noise-canceling headphones, while burrowing under a thick mound of covers; effectively, I'm left blind, deaf, and with little tactile stimulation (from the thick wrap of covers), about as insensate as possible without entering a proper sensory-deprivation tank. As a finishing touch, I'll then consciously relax my body, literally from head to toe, using a self-hypnotic visualization technique (similar to that popularized by the “Silva Method”; for more information on this technique, refer to the Silva material, or nearly any other self-hypnosis program).

With the physical aspect covered, I then relax psychologically, isolating my mind in similar fashion. I start by silencing all thought, which, when combined with my bedroom “womb,” works wonders for calm and rest. Of course, silencing the mind is a big subject, and easier said than done, considering one must *think* to stop thinking -- the classic Catch-22. For this reason, this skill must be learned on one's own, by their own devices. (Some folks might see success by thinking, simply, *Stop thinking*; for others, however, *Stop thinking* just perpetuates the endless, looping “static” of their thoughts, hence the need for a novel workaround.) This subject, and other psychological gymnastics, are somewhat beyond the scope of this book, so for anyone who desires help silencing their mind, I must refer them to another book of mine, which covers just this sort of thing: *Learn Yourself: A Manual for the Mind*.

And so that's my resting technique. Once in my bedroom womb, insensate and with silenced mind, I've found the rest to excel any other. In fact, the restfulness is sometimes shocking: an hour spent resting in this fashion can often leave me as refreshed as a night's sleep, just about. It says much about the power of a proper, conscientious resting technique (plus, the power of the mind itself, especially once totally silenced of all thought and disturbance). Upon entering my womb, intent on rest, I'll slip into an altered state of consciousness, something like a trance, and though my mind is silenced throughout, I can still “think” in a detached, dreamlike fashion (which is, ironically, in some ways more effective and coherent than my normal, fully-conscious mode of thought). In this condition, I can visualize much easier, as well as self-analyze and reflect. Perhaps you're a much easier-going person than me, and don't require anything so elaborate to relax. In any case, it's what I did throughout my treatment, and I found it invaluable.

It bears mentioning that during my treatment, I seemed to experience a certain effect when lying down after any active practice. Namely, lying down would trigger an immunological process of some kind, putting my body into a full-out detox state, something like hibernation. I must stress: this effect arose not just from any rest, but lying down specifically. That is, when I would go to bed after, say, a zapping session, I would, soon after lying down, discover certain detox-related processes starting up in my body, as if cued. The primary process was the activation of my lymphatic system, presumably to begin dealing with the fresh die-off toxicity stirred by my zapping (or earthing, or

breathing exercises, etcetera). It was, for me, a steady and consistent phenomenon, always coming after an infection-fighting treatment, and almost always after I'd lain down, suggesting that this signaled to my body that it was time for detoxification. Thus, I began lying down as much as possible after an active portion of the treatment, to take advantage of this effect. Something which seemed to help, in conjunction, was to do some deep breathing after lying down (not the proper exercises, but just simple, steady, deep breaths, in that "halfway" manner mentioned in Part One's list of breathing tips). By doing so, the detoxification and lymphatic activity would seem to be aided and maintained, which is consistent with what I've read of deep breathing (that it works as a sort of "pump" for the lymphatic system).

As for whether this lying-down effect applies to other people, I can't say; for all I know, it's a peculiarity limited to myself (and, perhaps, something wholly psychosomatic in nature). Then again, I have no reason to believe it's not a normal feature of the human body, perhaps common to everyone. In any case, I made it work for me, and it seemed quite helpful, if my treatment's success is any measure.

Next rule of proper rest: a cutoff for the treatment, at bedtime.

This was a hard rule of mine: absolutely no active practice past my evening zapping session, as to allow an extended period of downtime, and thus an extended detox-and-recovery period, spanning night and morning. For all the logic evident in this rule, I sometimes had trouble adhering to it. Why? Much for the same reason behind my self-imposed drive to exercise past my tolerance: the feeling that more was better, that I should push harder and harder with the treatment and, thus, expedite my healing -- not illogical, but not true, either. Just as with over-exercising, it's possible to overdo it with the greater treatment, pushing oneself too hard and too far, without adequate rest and recovery -- and, in this case, detox. That was the key here, in my case: allowing an appropriate period of time for the body to detoxify its accumulated waste before adding more by continued treatment. As bold and well-meaning as it may have been for me to keep pushing myself when already burdened, it would, in the end, just be counterproductive -- hence my cutoff rule, which came as a result of some days spent in a nasty, toxic-overload state that, besides being highly unpleasant, did not get me any closer to healing, for all my good intentions. Often, I'd be tempted to finish off a day of progressive treatment with, say, some extra herbs before bedtime; this was, however, over-optimism, with me grasping for progress and results while ignoring the body's need to recover from the intensive treatment incurred earlier in the day -- a need which sometimes might not be apparent until long after the fact. Several times, I went ahead with that extra dose of herbs or whatever, feeling generally "detoxed" at the time, only to find myself crashing hard later on, once the day's fallout of die-off and exhaustion finally caught up to me. Truly, pacing oneself during treatment is a case of "less is more."

I will extend another hard-learned lesson of mine, also in the vein of healthy restraint: don't be afraid to take a day off if it feels like you need it. Again, I struggled with this one, even moreso than my cutoff rule, because I went through much of the treatment on the pure momentum awarded by strict adherence to a routine (because, really, I *never* felt

like going forward with the treatment, so that taking the day off always seemed right -- a deceptive false-positive of “body knowledge,” as it were). So I had to train myself in this regard, first, to identify when I was truly in need of the extended rest awarded by a full- or half-day's suspension of treatment; and then, second, learn how to take a day off without it interrupting my momentum (and, potentially, lowering morale and overall drive). But, all the same, these were just disciplines to be learned, lest I fall into the trap of blind perseverance and the snowball effect of toxicity and overburdening. Not all of these concerns are universal, since someone free of infection wouldn't have to worry so much about toxicity; but the basic principle of pushing oneself only so far, treatment-wise, does indeed apply to everyone. How you deal with it is up to you, but dealt with it must be.

That covers the subject of rest, leaving that of relaxation, which is just as important. Namely, I speak of general psychological relaxation, that which is cultivated and maintained throughout daily life. Physical relaxation is certainly good, but the psychological variety is, in my experience, more important. Also, psychological wellbeing is more *primary*, such that physical tension can result from mental tension. Thus, a relaxed state of mind can go a long way toward relaxing the total person, in mind-over-matter fashion -- and, likewise, a *tense* mind can result in a tense person.

This all became apparent to me in the course of my treatment, as an object lesson of sorts. After months of having the treatment consume my life, requiring literally almost every minute of my day, it began taking its toll psychologically. I was physically exhausted in the first place, before I even started the treatment, due to my illness; but I knew how to deal with physical exhaustion, having lived with it for much of my adult life. The psychological side of it, however, I found harder to tolerate (even after writing books on how to cope with psychological stress, like the *Learn Yourself* mentioned above). In short, the treatment was a slow burn. Its sheer consumption of time forced me into a perpetual state of hurry and calculation, bringing about an unforeseen stress that hit me harder than even the greatest physical and mental challenges I'd faced in my years of illness. My over-scheduled days were a whirlwind of going from one part of the treatment to the next, with a schedule so strict that losing just a few minutes could throw off the whole thing, thereby rushing me more and creating more stress, in another snowball effect. In a word, the treatment was draining, which was, of course, at odds with the whole point of it: *to heal*. So I was forced to deal with this unexpected hurdle, lest it undermine my progress.

How'd I deal with it? By using psychological techniques similar to the mind-silencing employed in my rest regime. Ironically, I countered my treatment-induced psychological tension using psychology and conscious awareness, in “fight fire with fire” fashion. Namely, I *chose* to stay calm and relaxed, through good reaction, refusing to become stressed despite the ever-present stressors. Of course, this goal was made difficult by the extreme *ease* with which I was stressed, due to the constant die-off toxicity poisoning my body and brain, resulting in a perpetual, high-anxiety fight-or-flight state; but, once again, “difficult” is not “impossible,” and I came out the victor over my stressors. And, really, that's about the best I can describe my solution without tangenting into territory that's

beyond the scope of this book. (Again, I'll refer the inquisitive reader to my *Learn Yourself* series of books, namely the companion volume, which focuses on the sort of mental-survival techniques I used to get through the strange stresses of my treatment.)

I can, at least, offer one sweeping solution to these issues: *awareness*. I think it's best that the reader, contemplating the treatment, simply be *aware* that such potentially stressful consequences can arise, for this alone can help greatly in resolving them. Forewarned is forearmed, and in my experience, that's 99% of getting through the sort of psychological roadblocks described here. Furthermore, it illustrates the critical importance of rest and relaxation, and how their lack can sabotage a venture, where even grueling physical pain and discomfort fail.

13) Chiropractic

At the risk of reigniting an age-old controversy, I'll refrain from delving much into the chiropractic question. Instead, I'll just keep to what I stated in the book's introduction, that the chiropractic doctrine regarding spinal alignment and its body-wide benefits is, in my experience, fundamentally accurate, enough for me to observe (and enjoy) regular, consistent improvement in my general condition after being adjusted in this manner (and in a way I cannot dismiss as psychosomatic placebo). Within these parameters, I can confidently recommend chiropractic care as effective, at least for me and my body. For this reason, I consider it a worthy addition to the treatment's curriculum.

I will, however, touch on one interesting effect I've encountered in my years of chiropractic treatments: increased flow of bodily “energy,” the same which seems to be stimulated by acupuncture and other techniques. I've touched on this subtle energy several times in the book, such as in regards to the Zappicator machine and its clearing of the body's meridian-like energetic “channels.” Though this subject is, admittedly, quite murky, and this book offers little objective proof on the matter, I will relay the anecdote of my chiropractic experience, for what it's worth.

As it were, one of chiropractic's consistently observed effects for me has been a distinct, helpful improvement in body-wide energy “flow.” I've received purely physical benefits from my adjustments, surely, such as resolution of pain, straighter posture, and walking easier and “better”; but these aren't what I'm referring to. Rather, it's at a deeper, energetic level that I sense improvement, and have sensed it so many times as to identify a pattern. Hence, I can only conjecture that chiropractic adjustments do indeed support the body's energetic infrastructure (whatever that infrastructure might be and however it might behave).

And that's where this effect becomes relevant to this book's treatment program: by *cultivating* this bodily energy, which, in my experience, is absolutely vital to healing of any kind, physical or otherwise. This so-called energy is hard to define; for me, it's characterized as a physical warmth and a lift in general wellbeing, though I sense that it goes deeper than that, being a mere physical manifestation of a more primary process. I do believe that, in the end, all the physical components of the treatment (like sweating,

breathing, etcetera) are only *superficially* physical. That is, they all ultimately contribute, in one way or another, to production and circulation of this unspecified “life energy,” that managed by practices like acupuncture (and, apparently, chiropractic care) -- and *that's* the practices' real effect, rather than the overt, observable dimensions that manifest physically. Likewise, I have reason to believe that other, similar bodywork exerts this twofold effect (such as osteopathy and the massage-like practice known as Rolfing, plus other therapeutic practices aimed at supporting fundamental bodily alignment; more on this subject later). So, while I do endorse chiropractic in a general sense, I believe that its deeper, energetic contribution is even more substantial, as to upgrade its role and importance in the greater treatment.

To see what I'm getting at, consider an experience I had following a particular chiropractic adjustment late in my treatment. The adjustment was routine, and even somewhat slight, since, once I'd begun regular rebounder use, my spinal adjustments were held longer. But, for whatever reason, I sensed an even stronger increase in bodily “energy” flow after the adjustment in question, increasing through the day. That evening, my breathing exercises were particularly powerful, with a sense of progress in combating my overall illness. In the end, I experienced a great bought of immunological activity that night, in new, important areas -- my mystery infection being fought off, as it were. That progress proved key in defeating my systemic infection and achieving healing -- and it all seemed to correspond with that chiropractic adjustment and the abnormal increase in energy flow I experienced in its wake. Coincidence? Perhaps, but it would follow a string of similarly coincidental incidents. So, being a hardened realist with an above-average sense of pattern recognition, I'm forced to consider that, first, the body does possess some type of energetic infrastructure, and second, that chiropractic adjustments do indeed *support* that infrastructure.

Make what you will of my chiropractic experiences and the implications they suggest, but I found them compelling enough for mention in this book.

As for my chiropractic regime while undergoing the treatment, I had a regular, standard spinal adjustment every two weeks, and that was all.

14) Oil Pulling

I debated whether to include oil pulling in this book. Not because I've found it to be without merit; rather, I can't conclusively say that its merit is specifically *relevant* to the treatment, in a detoxifying or otherwise therapeutic sense. Thus, my inclusion of the practice is another “strictly anecdotal” affair.

The idea behind oil pulling is that, by swishing a vegetable oil in one's mouth for twenty minutes or so, first thing in the morning, the oil will leach out toxins and other undesirable substances from the body. Some proponents say it works through the gums; others, the mucus membranes beneath the tongue; a third camp points to both. All of these theories, however, are presently unproven, to the best of my knowledge. For all the fanfare surrounding oil pulling, the only clinical studies I've read have been less than

sound, citing only circumstantial evidence for nonspecific claims. In this case, I would think that an effective study apparatus would be rather easy to assemble, literally as simple as examining the swished oil for any differences from an unswished control. The swished oil does, after all, definitely change color (into a filmy white), indicating that, were any removal of toxins to have occurred, they'd be easily identified under a microscope -- except, such a study hasn't, so far as I know, been done. And, alas, in my years of oil pulling, I can't confidently say that it possesses a detoxification effect (or, at least, the type of body-wide detoxification widely attributed to it). Is such detoxification possible? Certainly, and I could even conceive, in my layman's mind, how the toxins could be indeed be "pulled" from the gums and/or sublingual mucus membranes. As for whether that's the case, I just don't know, for lack of data.

So, why is oil pulling still part of my morning ritual? Because I *have* found it helpful, albeit in a rather unexpected way: it helps my gums and teeth.

My entire life, I was chided at the dentist about my swollen, unhealthy gums. Yet no matter how well I scrubbed them, and how well I kept up oral hygiene otherwise, my gums stayed unhappy -- until I tried oil pulling. I started it several years ago, hoping to gauge its merit as a detoxification practice; and though I would, ultimately, be unable to conclude upon it in that regard, I was startled to find that, for the first time in my life, my gums were flat, pink, and healthy. At first I thought I was just imagining it (even though I hadn't gone into the oil-pulling experiment with my gums in mind, and had never read of oil pulling helping the gums in any way, thus discounting placebo). But, after repeating the experiment several times, with "wash out" gaps in between, I found that it truly did exert a visually (and symptomatically) positive effect on my gums (with eventual reversion to their unhealthy state if I stopped). Likewise, it seemed to help clean and whiten my teeth, as measured by plaque buildup. (Note: when going on and off the oil pulling, I didn't do anything different, care-wise, other than briefly brushing my teeth after spitting out the oil, which couldn't possibly account for the stark changes which resulted.)

Of course, just because oil pulling seems to benefit the mouth in general, doesn't mean that it *detoxifies* the mouth (or anything else, for that matter). Yet it's because of my positive experiences in this regard that I decided to mention it in this book, since, if the oil does in fact somehow detoxify as it cleans, it would certainly be a worthy addition to the treatment regime, combining improved oral health with some extra elimination. (I've seen oil pulling described as having a "second liver.") Also, I have to wonder: just what *is* going on with my gums? Could I be mistaking the improvement of my gums as mere "cleaning," when it is, in fact, due to the purported detoxification? After all, toxic buildup in the gums would probably leave them swollen and discolored ...

But, presently, there are no answers, so I'm simply putting my observations out there, to let the reader decide for themselves.

Part Four: Restoring the Gut, Liver, and Adrenals

And so there you have it, the core treatment protocol, which would, after my conducting it for a solid year, leave me basically healed. But there's more to tell, including two supplementary, post-recovery courses of treatment I underwent. I've separated these from the core treatment because of their late arrival in my healing saga, as well as their application being more specific and conditional, applying only to those with conditions very similar to my own (then again, I have reason to believe that these conditions are quite widespread).

The first supplementary treatment: how I restored my gut, liver, and adrenal glands.

It's been said that the gut is the seat of total health, and that its condition is, typically, indicative of the body in general. For me, that's proven an accurate assessment, for I can cite many experiences which would suggest such a correspondence. For instance, before I learned that I had trouble digesting starches and sugars, I regularly suffered gut inflammation from eating too much of these foods, too often, leading to a brutal, systemic inflammation that could reduce me to tears; subsequently, upon recovering from those foods, I would find that inflammation to *fade*, bringing about an equal improvement, even in areas not obviously connected to the gut (the eyes, for instance). Likewise, the same could be said of my liver: when upset, overburdened, or inflamed, I could immediately tell, and my whole body would suffer. My adrenal glands, also, fit this category of vitally necessary organs, in which any sort of deficiency could affect the whole of my body. Unfortunately for me, these three organs were most deeply and regularly damaged by my main ailments (mercury poisoning, parasites, and systemic infection). So, until those underlying issues were resolved, I was largely helpless but to suffer that collateral damage, because any healing accomplished would otherwise be undone, thus voiding any attempt to restore these organs prior to my basic healing. Doing so was akin to putting the cart before the horse.

Therefore, once my condition finally reached a point of fundamental stasis, the first order of business was to at last restore those organs which had been so abused by my primary ailments. Would this have happened naturally, on its own in time? Maybe. But, having the means and the know-how, I took the initiative and began a new supplemental and dietary routine, to help my body along.

For the gut, my approach was twofold. First, I adopted a diet even more spartan than before, eliminating all remotely starchy vegetables, coffee, dark chocolate, sugars (even naturally occurring fructose), and high-calorie meals -- that is, anything that might at all stress, irritate, or inflame the guts, even foods that I seemed to handle okay. The idea was to totally pamper the gut, as to aid and expedite healing (which also benefited the liver and adrenals). Specifically, I did this by substituting my breakfast and dinner with a simple protein shake, thus eating only one real "meal" a day, at lunch. The shake, the same at both morning and night, was comprised of raw rice or pea protein, two tablespoons, yielding approximately 24g of high-quality, complete, easily digested protein. To add some nutrition (and precious calories), I supplemented the shake with

teaspoons of various powdered fruits and vegetables (goji berry, camu camu berry, gelatinized maca root, barley grass), a fresh-squeezed organic lemon (for digestion, and also a liver-helper), plus a quarter teaspoon of sea salt and Stevia. (I also added acacia fiber to this mix, both to help the bowel and to provide a “prebiotic” substance to help culture gut flora. Of course, I continued supplementing probiotics at this time.) Then, my lunch would consist of either boiled meats or quality fats (never both, as to ease digestion and liver-load), with some light, steamed, easily digested veggies. In this way, I still got a broad range of quality nutrition, and enough calories for relatively normal function, while still pampering my guts and lightening their overall load (plus that of the liver, with some indirect effect on the adrenals to boot, given their peripheral role in digestion).

Also, I began a cocktail of key supplements aimed at restoring gut integrity and flora, for maximal healing and ease. This second “shake,” taken three times a day on an empty stomach, at least two hours before or after meals, consisted of the following: quality bovine colostrum, the amino acids l-glutamine and l-glycine, DGL licorice, marshmallow root, and slippery elm bark. All were in pure, powdered form, except for the marshmallow root and slippery elm, which were a liquid extract and the raw bark prepared into a sort of boiled tea, respectively. These substances, like the greater treatment, worked both individually and synergistically, simultaneously easing and healing the small- and large intestines. Besides general support, this regime decreased the gut's permeability (known as “leaky gut”), as to restore optimal absorption and digestive capacity (and, in my case, to at last restore my gut flora, which had been routinely destroyed by my mercury- and infection-related complications, such that supplementing probiotics would only provide short-term, symptomatic relief without allowing the flora to properly culture and thrive on their own). Of course, I continued taking a full-spectrum enzyme pill, one with each of my supplement shakes, and two with my lunch (one before, one after). An important point on enzymes: I emptied them from the capsule, since the capsules were made of cellulose -- that is, plant fiber, difficult to digest. Emptying out the enzymes went on the theory that if I couldn't properly digest the capsule, then the enzymes might not be given a chance to do their thing. Perhaps this wasn't the case, but it was logical, and sound theoretically. At lunch, I opened the pills into a couple sips of water; for the shakes, I just dumped them directly inside.

For the liver specifically, I supplemented milk thistle, gentian root, and bupleurum root, a combo known to help stimulate the liver and restore its function while protecting it from further damage. When combined with my super-gentle diet, my regular exercise routine (which had to be toned down a bit to reflect my reduced calorie intake), and my continued treatment (I did a maintenance version for some time after my basic “healing”), these supplements tipped the scales enough for my liver to go from working just well enough to keep me alive to actually healing and regenerating. Though my liver was among the organs hardest hit by my illnesses, it is, luckily, one of the most tenacious and easily healed, if given a real chance through proper support and a disciplined diet. On this note, I would probably have benefited from a complete, days-long water fast, as this can purportedly “reset” the liver and further expedite healing; however, with my already diminished health (and body weight; I lost nearly twenty pounds over my year-long

treatment, leaving my weight dangerously low), I opted for the second-best solution. A healthier person might have done well with a fast.

The real “cure” for my liver, however, was to flush it. What's a liver flush? There's no one definitive method, but the basic aim is to cleanse the organ of its accumulated fats and toxins (and parasites, living and dead, which can in fact reside there, if my experience is any indicator). Typically, this is done by way of ingesting a large amount of fatty oil in a prescribed manner, thus irrigating the biliary ducts and liberating the targeted toxins -- hence the “flush.” The most popular of these methods is the “Clark flush” (yep, another of Dr. Hulda Clark's machinations), in which, following a brief fast, a concoction of olive oil and fresh-squeezed grapefruit juice is ingested just prior to bedtime, with the process working overnight and, hopefully, resulting in the wholesale excretion of liver toxins (including the infamous “liver stones,” of which there is debate as to exactly what they are). Another, less-complicated method involves ingesting two raw egg yolks and some lemon juice, first thing in the morning, for five consecutive days. However, I used neither of these methods, instead developing one of my own. My method was comprised of coffee enemas, lemon and lime juice, the supplement d-limonene, cayenne pepper, and deep breathing. Using this mash-up flush, I cleared my liver every bit as effectively as traditional methods (with some additional, body-wide cleansing to boot), and with minimal time and effort.

How'd I piece together this unorthodox liver flush? Short answer: I didn't. Just like pretty much everything else in my treatment, I discovered my flush by accident (or through *intuition*, depending on how you look at it; the book's forthcoming epilogue might shed some light on this distinction). I'll again make a long story short and say that this flushing technique assembled itself largely on its own, with my doing the coffee enemas and taking the supplements for other reasons, only to be met with unexpected benefits, which I would eventually determine to be my liver's biliary ducts being flushed of their accumulations. It started when I integrated the lemon juice and d-limonene into the latter part of my detox routine, for reasons unrelated to liver flushing. Upon combining these substances and taking them for several days, I experienced discomfort and some churning in my liver and spleen, after which I did a coffee enema, hoping to unburden myself a bit. Instead, I was surprised by odd, foul-smelling stool, with a top-lying scum of small, green, chaff-like objects -- which I immediately recognized as liver “chaff,” a substance I'd seen (and read of) when doing Hulda Clark flushes in the past. This repeated itself through several coffee enemas; and because the coffee enema specifically targets and cleanses the liver (a mini-flush in itself), I put two and two together and realized that the lemon juice and d-limonene were liberating these chaff-like substances. Unlike a proper, wholesale “flush,” this one was occurring piecemeal, with each dosing of lemon juice and d-limonene; but the result was the same: my liver disgorging its long-held rubbish, which, as the flushing theory goes, would've been clogging my biliary ducts and causing all manner of digestive, and even systemic, problems. I was elated upon seeing this happen, for I'd been planning a series of “normal” Clark flushes following the adjunct treatments listed in this chapter (any other flushing proved unnecessary).

To top off my informal flush, I paired it with a breathing exercise, this too discovered “accidentally.” I found that, when I would retreat for my hour of morning bed rest and begin “halfway” deep-breathing to aid lymphatic and detox function, it would trigger that new liver and spleen activity I'd associated with the flushing. In time, I determined that three quick, deep breaths (performed using the diaphragm, strictly) best stimulated this process. The benefit was, I believe, twofold: first, the physical clenching and release of the liver and spleen, and second, the added factors of oxygenation and, perhaps, circulatory support. In any case, I found that lying down and breathing in this manner would consistently trigger and sustain the flushing process. I would simply draw the three deep, diaphragm breaths (improper breathing would fail to bring about the necessary clench-and-release of the organs), first a fast, shallower one, followed by a deeper, slower one, and finished by a big, lung-filling one, released slowly. Repeating this every two to three minutes as needed, I would sustain the flushing activity for perhaps a half an hour at a go, and then, several hours later when doing my daily enema (even with just plain water, at this point), I'd be met with the telltale scum of “chaff” in the toilet bowl.

I did keep doing the coffee enemas, but only periodically, once or twice a week, after the “chaff” had built up some. Supposedly, the liver's bile-duct-clogging chaff isn't released all at once, but instead comes incrementally, thereby making room for more to be flushed, in top-down fashion, until the liver is totally cleared. Thus, liver flushing is an ongoing process rather than a one- or two-shot cure. For this reason, more-frequent coffee enemas might not have been any more effective (and could just overstress the liver and spleen, perhaps sabotaging the whole process). Sticking to this drawn-out regime, with daily lemon and d-limonene in between, I would always see a greater amount of chaff and such when doing coffee enemas (and, still, a lesser amount even when doing “normal,” water enemas). One thing I found to compliment the coffee enema was to take a full teaspoon of ground cayenne pepper on the day prior, for cayenne, like lemon/lime juice and d-limonene, apparently works to break up fat and toxins in the liver, so that a big day-before dose could “prime” the liver for an even more productive flush. Likewise, I started taking a daily dose of malic acid and liquid lecithin (sunflower, not soy) for this same purpose, as these too have a reputation for breaking up liver accumulations.

And thus was my liver flushing technique: a daily regime of 2-4,000mg of d-limonene and the fresh-squeezed juice of one organic lemon or lime, followed by those three-step breathing exercises while lying down (a couple hours after dosing), coupled with daily water enemas and periodic coffee enemas (plus the flourishes of malic acid, lecithin, and a teaspoon of cayenne pepper; I also drank four ounces of cranberry juice, another supposed liver-clearer, first thing in the morning). Not only did this uncommon flushing technique work, but it also seemed to have systemic benefits, outside the liver, breaking up fat- and toxin accumulations throughout my soft tissues and other organs (including the head, scalp, and perhaps even the brain), this experienced as regular bouts of tickling and burning throughout my body as these substances were expelled (I lost several pounds during this process). My continued use of the infrared sauna complimented this body-wide breakup perfectly, allowing me to sweat out whatever was dissolved. Also, therapeutic massages aided this process (more on this in the next section).

(Note: liver flushing is stressful on both the liver and the spleen, along with the body in general. My method, being piecemeal, seemed to be gentler and more tolerable than the big, direct flushes commonly prescribed, but it was a load on the body, all the same. It's another case of a "healing crisis," where one might feel worse before feeling better. Be aware of this potential reaction before attempting this or any liver flush, especially if you already have a known liver condition.)

As for the adrenals, the first change was to cease any significant use of caffeine, which, at high dosage, can overstimulate these glands. While sick, I actually seemed to do better with a moderate daily dose of caffeine (by way of some dark chocolate and a cup of whole-bean coffee); however, as with the liver, restoring the adrenals required that I avoid anything that might offend or stress them, or affect their activity or regularity in any way, so that they might go from just-functioning to actually *healing and regenerating*. So I ceased coffee and chocolate, despite their proven benefit for me. (Side note: I was able to tolerate cocoa extract, which offered many of the beneficial substances of coffee and dark chocolate but only a small, inconsequential amount of caffeine, thereby acting as a substitute solution while my adrenals healed. As it were, the extract supplement I used was "Cocovia," two pills daily with a meal.)

Next for adrenal support, I supplemented pregnenolone, a gentle, relatively safe substance which serves as the body's "master hormone," from which many others (including adrenal androgens) are synthesized. I eventually ceased supplementing this, using it as a cushion until my adrenals healed completely and it was unneeded. Third, I upped my dosage of vitamin C (another big player when it comes to adrenals), from one gram daily to two grams; furthermore, I switched to a natural, whole-food form of the vitamin (which is, supposedly, much easily absorbed by the body, perhaps in fundamental ways unobtainable otherwise), instead of the synthetic variant I'd been on previously. I did so by way of the aforementioned camu camu, a powdered berry touted as a "superfood" -- which, in my case, it proved to be. Not only does it offer the highest known amount of vitamin C in any food (entering the range of therapeutic doses preferable for restoring adrenal function), but it contains other helpful substances such as vitamins, antioxidants, and amino acids. Fourth, I upped my intake of B vitamins (whole-food as well), which are also key in adrenal function and support. In the past, I'd used, in conjunction with a full-spectrum B complex, large doses of pantothenic acid and pantothenol, as these are known to further encourage adrenal function; however, for the sake of simplicity and temperance, I just stuck with higher doses of a complex. As an adjunct to these supplements, I continued drinking my beloved watermelon seed tea; because this tea aids kidney function, and because happy kidneys indirectly aid adrenal function (the adrenals "sit" on the kidneys, and are thus intertwined), I thought it appropriate, if not quite necessary or directly beneficial. And, also in this category, there was the staple of the adrenal-friendly diet (little to no sugar, specifically, as it is an adrenal stressor), plus my regular exercise routine (another adrenal helper).

Lastly, I topped off my adrenal program by taking maca root. This substance is touted as another superfood, and though this label gets thrown around a lot these days (often for undeserving recipients), maca is, like camu camu, another exception. This goes even

moreso in maca's case, for it is, really, more like a drug or herbal concoction than just a highly nutritious food, due to its containing substances which alter the body's hormonal axis. The subject of maca's effect in this regard is complicated, nor greatly understood (and, of course, there's the usual debate as to whether it's effective at all); but in a nut, maca supposedly works in an “adaptogenic” fashion, not just restoring adrenal function, but *regulating and normalizing* it, along with most other glandular and endocrine processes. As a result, many people report success solving all manner of glandular issues, from thyroid to menopausal problems, to male sexual problems rooted in testosterone imbalances. Once again, I can't vouch for all these claims, except to say that, in my personal experience, maca has indeed helped with adrenal function, and proved key in my adrenal overhaul. For anyone contemplating it, however, know that supplementing maca is not a short-acting, quick-fix deal, but a long-term process which must be closely monitored, if only for the broadness of its effects. Don't expect it to work overnight.

A note on maca: I used the “gelatinized” version, due to its having the root's starches removed (which could offend the gut, especially when consumed raw as I was doing). This form retains its medicinal properties, but has less nutrition than eating the whole root.

* * *

Right now, you might be thinking, *That's a whole lot of supplements to be taking at once.* And you're right: it *was* a lot, especially considering the other, usual supplements and practices I was on. Thus, it was a somewhat delicate arrangement, one which might not suite everyone.

For this reason, anyone considering such an adjunct restoration program should approach it strictly piecemeal: start with just one problem area at a time, working up to any additional ones. Or, to truly be conservative, it would be best to approach one *supplement or practice* at a time, rather than taking the “shotgun” approach and loading them all at once, which can be dangerous to the point of counterproductivity. Personally, I was able to execute all three restoration programs together, minimizing recovery time; but that was just me, when I was already familiar with the practices and substances from previous experience, and even then only after my healing was reasonably established. For anyone else, I can only recommend a highly conservative approach, testing each individual supplement for the rote week (or weeks) necessary to gauge tolerance and effect. Admittedly, this is less of an issue with several of the supplements and practices in question (such as the adrenal-friendly diet, and the amino acids, which tend to be far more predictable and tolerated than, say, an herb with broader and more-subjective effects); but when it comes to health, conservative is best, especially when juggling multiple restorative attempts on vital bodily systems.

As for tips and tricks, my only real issue when undertaking this trifecta of treatments was that many of the supplements required dosing on an empty stomach, yet separately, such that there were conflicts of digestive schedule in this regard. It required staggering the doses just right, timed and scheduled through the day (and in observance of the rest of my

treatment, which remained somewhat demanding even on the maintenance level). Of course, this is less of a problem when focusing on one area at a time, but I thought it worth mentioning.

Obviously, these descriptions of my post-healing adjunct treatments are not comprehensive or definitive. As usual, the reader should, instead, use this miniature guide as a springboard for their own research and practice.

As a closing note, I will say that these treatments were, for me at least, hugely worth it. As much benefit as I saw from ridding myself of mercury, parasites, and my mystery infection, restoring my gut-, liver-, and adrenal function was every bit as significant, enlivening me as much. Regaining use of these priceless organs was worth all the money in the world.

Part Five: Bodywork, The Final Piece of the Puzzle

So, my year-long self-treatment got me out of bed and back on my feet, and rebuilding my liver, gut, and adrenals took me a step further. But what about returning to 100%? What about not just surviving, but *thriving*?

The answer: extensive bodywork, provided by second parties.

I was hesitant to recruit others in my treatment, for the same reasons I'd hesitated to so much as retain a GP; but I got over it. And it was a good thing I did, for I was in need of services I just couldn't provide for myself. As it were, my poor lifestyle through childhood and adolescence had taken its toll not only on my organs, but my body's very core -- the joints, the muscles and soft tissues, perhaps the bones themselves. And, for these things, I had to enlist others in restoring my health, forcing me to set aside all reservations, emotional, intellectual, and financial alike, in something of a leap of faith. And boy, did it pay off, for only then did I learn just how damaged my body was, including several obscure, previously unknown offshoot conditions I possessed, all of which would've inhibited me from achieving full functionality (and, unknown to me at the time, had certainly complicated my initial healing). I had multiple spinal problems, severely affecting nerve function. My body was riddled with subcutaneous calcification, causing pain and obstructing proper circulation and oxygenation. My bowels remained clogged with pounds of waste accumulated during my years of chronic constipation. Needless to say, outside help proved necessary.

I continued chiropractic adjustments, of course, now stepping them up to weekly instead of biweekly. Next, I resumed acupuncture treatments, as these had shown benefit in the past (albeit of a transient, cost-prohibitive nature; I now gambled that, with my health fundamentally improved, acupuncture might show new, lasting benefit, which turned out to be accurate). From there, I began exploring other holistic treatments, which would eventually include regular therapeutic massage, craniosacral sessions, Reiki energy work, colonic hydrotherapy, ELT (Electronic Lymphatic Treatment), and ionic foot baths. This matzo ball of practices, undergone weekly, was important individually, but, like the rest of my treatment, there was a synergistic factor, with a shared focus of increasing my body's general resilience and its underlying "energies." These treatments, which I continued alongside daily infrared sauna, Zapping, and breathing exercises, worked to finalize and cement my total healing, and eventually return my body to full homeostasis. Perhaps others have not been so fortunate with these practices (most of which are controversial in some circles, if not disdained); but my experience was glowing.

I will now list the practices I settled on, with a brief summary and their role in my personal healing. Following with the rest of this book's format, I will focus on my personal experiences with the treatments, and refer the reader to the vast on- and offline resources for further information and specifics.

1) Craniosacral Therapy

Known alternately as “osteopathy” (or, sometimes, “healing touch”), craniosacral therapy is hard to categorize. It involves righting the spine and the nervous system, similar to chiropractic, yet it is not chiropractic. Likewise, craniosacral addresses the body's energetic infrastructure, similar to acupuncture and Reiki, yet craniosacral is neither of *these*. In fact, so subtle and unique is the craniosacral session, an outside observer could think there's nothing being done at all (a perception which, I suspect, is responsible for much of the skepticism directed at the treatment). In short, I would term craniosacral a broad-scale holistic practice that addresses the physical, energetic, and emotional alike. But, whatever you want to call it, I've found it to be highly effective, if not critical.

During the outset of my bodywork whirlwind, I began receiving craniosacral treatments under the vague pretense of general support for the body and my ongoing healing, as well as out of curiosity of what might come of it. To my surprise, I discovered it to go above and beyond this goal. Not only did my first craniosacral treatment bring an immediate (and highly pleasurable) energetic effect, but it markedly improved my posture and breathing, such that I left the session standing perfectly upright, and breathing deeply and nourishingly, without the congestion or resistance that I'd experienced most of my adult life. What miracle had been performed here? As I would later deduce (with the help of my godsend craniosacral practitioner), much of this effect was due to the treatment's addressing a latent spinal problem, at the base of the spine, which I had previously been unaware of. Each subsequent treatment improved this dysfunction more and more, until it eventually resolved. And, throughout, the sessions consistently produced that full-body energetic “boost,” which felt like nothing less than a shot in the arm, leaving me buzzing for some time afterward. Craniosacral was powerful stuff, I learned.

In the end, the therapy proved vital to my transition from “basically healed” to “fully healed.” Perhaps my experience was exceptional, because my particular practitioner integrated some Reiki and other adjuncts in her sessions; then again, I can't say for sure. In any case, I *can* confidently say that, at least for me and my conditions, craniosacral was highly effective (and in such a way that, using my characteristic skills of self-observation and discernment, I've determined as genuine and objective in nature, ruling out placebo and other explanations).

2) Therapeutic Massage

Massage was, initially, a mere curiosity for me. Never having received a professional massage, I viewed it as a mere luxury, for short-term pleasure or not even that -- certainly not a therapeutic practice. I was wrong.

Yes, my first massage was pleasurable and relaxing, exceeding my best expectations in that regard. But it didn't stop there. While receiving my maiden massage, I was told by my attending masseuse that I had “lumps” under my skin, which she insisted were unhealthy and needed to be removed by continued bodywork. As it were, this diagnosis would be agreed upon by all my future bodyworkers, for I had an extensive amount of calcified nodules throughout my body. I had noticed these prior to that watershed massage, but thought them merely normal tissue or ligaments or the like, when I'd

thought of them at all. But again, I was wrong in my assumptions, for these fibrous nodules were anything but normal.

The nodules -- mostly inch-long and rectangular, running in a loose network beneath the skin -- were, as best as I can theorize, a result of calcification. In turn, I attribute this calcification to the sedentary lifestyle I led right up into my adult life (also, I suspect a chronic vitamin D deficiency to be indicated here, as vitamin D is, coincidentally, required for the proper assimilation of calcium). Until my early twenties, I would sit around for hours on end, watching television or playing video games or using the computer, with little to no exercise -- and, thus, little to no circulation. In light of my bad diet and other unhealthy lifestyle choices, the idea that my inactivity and poor blood flow could create deposits of subcutaneous calcification is, I believe, a plausible one. But, however the nodules came about, they were there, and highly burdensome, though I would learn just how much only *after the fact*, once they were systematically broken up and removed by much massage and other bodywork (and much detoxification on my body's part; following a good massage, my detox load could go sky-high). Thanks to twice-weekly therapeutic massage from some rather talented masseuses (in concert with the other bodywork listed here), the nodules were gradually resolved, leaving me with, first and foremost, vastly increased circulation. Imagine my surprise when, after years of living in this troublesome condition, I suddenly felt blood flowing where there'd been only numbness before, with energy and wellbeing springing up all along the way. My joints improved, such that I could bend and turn without pain and fatigue, thus shedding my old-man movements and bearing. Likewise, I discovered that I had chronically tightened hamstrings in both legs, such that, following a massage, I could actually *walk* again, fluidly and lithely and without discomfort -- glorious! In time, my body "lightened," with a wonderful capability that had been markedly absent for almost my entire life, since early childhood perhaps. My energy and wellbeing increased in proportion; I tipped my masseuses rather embarrassing amounts.

The massages were rejuvenating in their own right, but, once again, they worked synergistically with the rest of my bodywork sessions, which often overlapped (my masseuses made use of acupressure and stretching, while my craniosacral practitioner threw in some mild massage and Reiki, etcetera). With all this attention my body was getting, the nodules and my other impediments were no match, and I was quick to improve. Furthermore, I soon discovered a catalyst for this process: peanut oil (another Edgar Cayce remedy, as it were). It was as unexpected as the massages' benefit, and as random, coming to my attention while researching something altogether different (more "chance"). After reading some anecdotal reports that being massaged with peanut oil could assist in breaking up bodily calcification (including under the skin and in the joints), I gave it a shot, and I was not disappointed. My practitioners were agreeable to substituting the oil for those they'd been using, and I saw a staggering effect from their doing so, right off the bat. The peanut oil's benefit is difficult to describe. It involves a full-body sense of "flush," along with a not-unpleasant boost in circulation and vitality. My masseuse commented that she experienced something similar in her hands, just from administering the oil. In the end, receiving regular peanut-oil massages did indeed seem

to catalyze the breakup of the fibrous nodules, though I can't offer any measurable evidence of that. So, consider it another remedy I can promote only anecdotally.

All in all, massage proved as vital in my recovery as any other strictly therapeutic practice, such that I counted it as nothing less than proper medicine. Like many of my offshoot conditions, I would probably have healed much easier had I tackled my calcified nodules and other bodily impairments from the get-go rather than as a finishing touch. Perhaps my poor example will inspire others to do differently.

3) Ionic Foot Bath

I was skeptical of the ionic foot bath, and not without good reason. The baths showed all the indicators of classic too-good-to-be-true charlatanism: fantastic claims of full-body detox and miraculous healing properties, all from a minimal investment of time, effort, and money. Just place your feet in a water-filled plastic tub for thirty minutes, flip a switch, and rid yourself of years of toxic accumulations -- your textbook panacea, modern-day snake oil. I first learned of the practice while strolling through a mall of all places, where an in-house spa offered the baths as a sit-down service for an upfront fee, as advertised by an array of fact-filled placards crowding the storefront. Enlarged pictures showed tubs filled with terrible-looking liquids and the feet that supposedly produced them. *Give me a break*, I thought, walking faster.

Then, one day, I took the plunge.

Honestly, I can't say why I went through with it. I remember having time to spare and being in a good mood, and the weather being pleasant, and having some extra money -- the makings of much adventuresome and foolhardy behavior, I suppose. Maybe I just wanted to sit down and be attended to for awhile, as we humans sometimes do. Whatever the reason, I found myself patronizing that same in-mall spa which had enlightened me on the ionic foot baths, where soothing music played as I sat in a comfortable foldout chair and placed my feet in a tub of my own, its bubbling metal "ionizer" placed between them. Just five minutes in, my bathwater had become a dark, earth-toned froth like those shown in the storefront. I didn't quite know how to feel. I had approached the session skeptically, watching for any means of contamination of the water (or hucksterism on the spa's part), but saw nothing obvious. If there was sleight of hand at play, it lay in the ionizer gizmo itself. (During later research, I would learn that much of the coloring is in fact a product of the metal ionizer, such that some color will result even without anyone's feet in the tub; though, I also learned that the coloring means little, being a mere side effect and having no real bearing on the baths' central effect.) As the session went on, however, I was somewhat distracted from my analysis, because something was happening: a subtle "coolness" had presented itself, moving up through both legs and, eventually, the rest of my body. This cool sensation was not one of temperature, but of an anti-inflammatory nature, mixed with equal parts energy, wellbeing, and outright pleasure. In fact, I immediately recognized this sensation as that which I would experience after a good deep-breathing session. With this being entirely unexpected on my part, I was quite surprised, as well as able to rule it out as placebo (thanks to my

constant, nearly neurotic vigilance in this regard). I quizzed the spa's attendant about such sensations and was told they were typical of a foot bath, as one of the effects of the "ionization." The man then produced a printed list of claimed benefits, and indeed, one of them was precisely what I was experiencing, without having read it beforehand -- that is, a correlation between the purported claims and my own, independent observations.

My interest was piqued.

Yet it didn't stop there. Following a foot bath at this spa, it was customary for the attendant to examine the resulting tub of foul-looking substances and diagnose what conditions and toxicities the bath might have addressed, based on the colors and textures and any particles in there. This spa's foot-bath package even included a snapshot of one's finished bath, like those out front, to be taken home as a souvenir. It reminded me of a weird sort of carnival game, and was not unenjoyable. Plus, I felt pretty darned good afterward, with that delightful coolness resonating through my body, again harkening to a good breathing session. *If I wasted thirty bucks, I feel great and the whole thing was fun*, I reasoned as I received the snapshot of my own cut-off feet and shins in the tub of goo. When the attendant pronounced his diagnosis of my water, however, I gave pause: "Heavy metals," he said, indicating a snow-globe-like flurry of black particles floating among the muck. My interest piqued again, for this was December of 2014, when my mercury poisoning was resolving but not quite resolved. I hadn't mentioned my mercury toxicity to the attendant -- had, in fact, expressly *avoided* divulging any sort of information about myself, including any subtle tells in my body language or other nonverbals, as to preclude the spa operator from sniffing out anything that might produce false evidence.

Could I really have detoxed some mercury through my feet?

From here, I'll summarize. I returned to the foot-bath place several times -- three separate outfits, actually, to see if different baths produced similar effects (they did) -- and each visit, I left only further convinced of the baths' legitimacy, for these experiments amassed a reasonable amount of evidence in favor of the practice. Circumstantial and empirical as this evidence was, it was rather compelling for me on a personal level, such that I couldn't in good conscience dismiss the baths. First, no two baths were the same. That is, the muck they produced was always *changing*. My first one was brown and muddy, with that little sandstorm of black flecks mixed in, while the next was wholly different, being a dark, sullen green with a gray interplay. Yes, these colorful "excretions" don't mean as much as some people think, but were they purely a product of the metal ionizer gizmo, shouldn't they have remained consistent? Also, the differences weren't just in the colors, for several of my baths produced actual *stuff*, objects, like the black flecks, with mass and substance of their own, as to be individually plucked out and examined. In two of my exploratory baths, the bottom of the tub was covered in a chalky, bottle-green sediment (diagnosed as "gall bladder toxins," coincidentally right at the time I began flushing my liver and gall bladder using d-limonene and lemon/cranberry juice). And, as notably, several of my baths were *without* any such substances (or, alternately, some presented a fatty scum atop the water, conspicuously absent from other baths). Unless the ionizer

gizmo was being intentionally coated with varieties of unsavory additives (of which I saw none upon inspecting the ionizer elements after they were put in, I should note), the baths' inconsistencies presented some reasonably sound support in their favor.

Furthermore -- and perhaps the most compelling item of all -- I was able to actually *observe* these objects coming out of my feet, albeit very slowly, as to require a timelapse film to truly appreciate. Some of the solids in the water *did* appear to be produced by the actual ionizer (the characteristic dingy-copper dispersion seen in nearly every bath, for one), but others, such as the black- or greenish flecks I regularly encountered, did indeed come from my feet. Patiently, I could watch them slowly emerge on the surface of my feet, like little blood clots, developing into odd-shaped little blossoms before being ejected into the water in a slow drift -- moving *away* from my feet (instead of *toward* them, as would be expected were they originating from ionizer). Now, that doesn't close the case, necessarily, for there still remains the question of what exactly the ejecta from me feet *was*? Actual toxins of some sort, such as heavy metals or lymphatic drainage? Or, just some natural, benign substance that was affected by the ionizer as to appear toxic-looking? What if, say, the oil from my skin was being oxidized or something, changing its color as to resemble some icky castoff? Many questions, few answer. I had a tricky case on my hands, not at all black-and-white.

Though, there is one underlying fact which suggests that, indeed, the ugly stuff I observed "leaking" from my feet *was* some type of toxin or metabolic waste: because I felt so *good* after a bath, and in ways which I could soundly identify as involving my body's lymphatic system and other detoxification processes (those same that I'd become so keenly familiar with over the past year). When all this is factored together, a picture begins to form, indicating the simplest explanation: that the baths do actually detoxify and support the body in some way. Is it still possible that, despite all this, the baths remain without merit, because they are, say, a mix of deceiving appearances and subconscious suggestion, resulting in a rather convincing illusion? I cannot rule out that possibility; at that point, however, it would seem just as likely that the baths simply *work*, all things considered.

Weighing the evidence so far, I was interested but still somewhat on the fence. Then, however, I came across some more evidence in favor of the baths: the post-bath diagnoses at the mall facility. In addition to my heavy-metal toxicity, the attendant there also deduced other conditions, and in the context of circumstances which would have, logically, resulted in the type of bath-stuff indicated. For instance, the day after I'd had an especially productive peanut-oil massage (which felt to have broken up all sorts of that subcutaneous calcification and, thus, burdened my lymphatic system), my foot bath, taken as a measure to perhaps lighten my toxic load at the time, produced water that was diagnosed as "lymphatic system and joints," specifically (when I'd again intentionally withheld anything which might have given away this fact and corrupted the experiment). Coincidence? Were it just once, even twice, I could easily write off the diagnoses as such, even considering their precision. But this was several hits, and in succession no less, producing a consistent track record. If the attendant was making lucky guesses, he was on a roll.

And, additionally, there were the positive effects that I observed in myself, of which that full-body, anti-inflammatory “coolness” was only the beginning. That is, I actually began to feel *cleansed* following the foot baths, and not in a vague way, but in that I'd learned to identify over my calendar year of self-treatment, in which I could tell, specifically, when my lymphatic system, and detoxification processes in general, were unburdened by toxicity. I intentionally began timing these foot baths to when I sensed increased toxicity (which would regularly result from bodywork and the like), and the baths would always have at least some cleansing effect, lymph-wise, including that wonderful, energizing anti-inflammation -- all of which I could expressly rule out as being placebo or suggestion, having taken measures against such pollution of evidence from the start. Furthermore, these correlating effects failed to diminish with time.

As it were, it seemed that the foot baths worked just as advertised, if not *better*.

But how could that be? I decided to find out, starting with online research in the usual channels. However, this only confounded matters, for what I discovered was starkly strange. First off, I read a clinical study which, at first glance, appeared to completely shoot down the ionic foot bath as having no value whatsoever, concluding that the procedure had no detoxification properties nor any other health benefits, and that the colorful water and such were all mere byproducts of the ionizer elements. In fact, the study showed the exact same results when the ionizer was run in water without anyone's feet in it, as mentioned earlier. I looked over the study for some time and it appeared sound, employing a functional, well-thought apparatus and no obvious biases in interpretation of data. Beyond that study, there were plenty of well-written articles decrying the foot baths, authored by supposedly credible folks, with valid points that seemed to put critical holes in the foot baths' proposed mechanism of action. *Case closed*, I thought then.

Except, the case *wasn't* closed, for there was still my personal experience with the baths, which defied that damning study and all other refutation I'd encountered.

Despite my research's case for the baths' illegitimacy, there was the body of firsthand, real-world evidence I'd compiled, which threw a monkey wrench in the “facts.” The situation was an interesting conundrum, that of factual, on-paper reality conflicting with actual, flesh-and-blood reality, such that the true state of things differed from how they “should be,” the same way that statistics don't always reflect how things truly are. There is, of course, an explanation for this, in the case of the ionic foot bath: perhaps, in spite of everything, *we just don't yet know enough about the bath and its effects to sufficiently pass judgment*. As it were, we could be looking for something that just isn't there (or not seeing what *is* there, because it falls outside our assumptions), which could explain why the study, though well-conducted and seemingly conclusive, failed, due to looking for the wrong things (akin to denouncing an orange tree because it doesn't grow apples). Could it be that, despite the factually strong case against the ionic foot bath, the practice still works anyway, perhaps by some means simply not presently understood by its detractors and supporters alike? What if, rather than “ionization” or whatever other mechanism is put forth as being responsible for the baths' effects, the baths do *something, somehow*,

which is good for the body, and perhaps even really does detoxify it as proposed? That is, the baths might work, just not in the way we think they do, which could result in such false negatives as the quoted study.

Whatever the case, I would eventually conclude that the foot baths do indeed work, at least for me, and at least for purposes of detoxification and general support of the body.

Naturally, after my success with several paid foot baths, I decided to invest in my own unit. And, of course, it worked as satisfactorily as those I'd had experience of in the spas. I did the baths two to three times a week, reserving them for key points such as after a good massage or other toxicity-producing treatment, and they never let me down, always at least lessening my toxicity and bringing a general refreshment of the lymphatic system and body in general, if not significantly alleviating my toxic load. Between the foot baths, my repeated use of the infrared sauna, and the continued improvement of my liver (plus the fact that, with my infections either lessened or gone, there was just less work for it), my toxicity load lowered noticeably, enabling me to receive my various bodywork treatments as often as I pleased.

Also of note is that I encountered multiple people with foot-bath experiences similar to my own, right down to specific, explicit effects (interestingly, some people reported very *different* effects in some regards, such as the presence or absence of that overarching "coolness," yet almost all reported detoxification and general improvements in health, perhaps explained by their different physical makeup and the health conditions addressed). Likewise, I found a marked enthusiasm among the foot-bath crowd, that of people who have truly and sincerely benefited from something and are eager to share it. In fact, of those three spas I initially visited, all three of the owners were, reportedly, beneficiaries of their own products, having overcome life-threatening illnesses and gone on to offer the foot baths as a mission of sorts, to pass along what they'd been given. A bit sanctimonious, sure, but who's to say these folks didn't get healed from soaking their feet in a fancy bath?

Is the ionic foot bath a legitimate practice, perhaps one which works by some mechanism not yet understood? Armed with my personal experience, I'll say that the baths do seem to be effective insofar as what I use them for. As for you, I can't say; like all else in this book, I'll let the reader be the judge.

4) Colonic Hydrotherapy

How do you lose ten pounds in two days? Purge the large bowel with a colonic.

The idea sounds crudely simple -- irrigate the colon with water, essentially a beefed-up enema -- but the actual practice is unexpectedly powerful, such that one might not appreciate the true value of the colonic until it is performed. Such was the case with me. Even after I gave myself over to any potentially valuable treatment that came my way, I put off trying a colonic, being under the impression that it was "just a big enema." Once

more I was wrong, for the colonic, in reality, has little in common with the enema beyond sending water into the bowel. To confuse the two is a matter of apples and oranges.

My first colonic was monumental, something approaching a spiritual awakening.

That's not an understatement; the experience was just that rejuvenating. As I lay on the colonic apparatus, watching endless amounts of old fecal matter and mucus exit my body, it felt absolutely heavenly, both physically and mentally. My entire person became lighter and energized, with cool waves of goodness washing over me upon each evacuation. Again and again, I was purged of accumulations which had been burdening my colon for who knows how long, of a sheer volume that astounds me to this day. The procedure left me quite literally glowing, and awash in a pleasure I'd never known. Afterward, I'd thought there was no possible way I could have anything more inside me than blood and organs, but then, the very next day, I returned to the clinic and did it all over again, with identical output. When asked, my administering practitioner said that this was normal.

I weighed myself both before and after those original back-to-back colonics, and the difference was approximately ten pounds.

I won't commentate much on colonics, because the results speak for themselves; it can only be a good thing to rid the body of pounds of fecal matter. After those first two sessions, I was hooked, naturally, and returned to the clinic weekly. Always, I received the same wonderful, holistic effects, leaving me refreshed and improved. Also, this same clinic offered the Electronic Lymphatic Treatment mentioned earlier, and having this done immediately following a colonic was absolutely heavenly, such that I made the two a combined therapy (though this would feel more like a little vacation than anything clinical). How much, exactly, the colonics contributed to my overall restoration and healing, is hard to quantify; but, once again, it's hard to imagine that such a drastically effective treatment wouldn't weigh on one's health.

Safety-wise, colonics aren't for everyone, for these really aren't just beefed-up enemas. Colonic therapy comes with some precautions and contraindications, such as diverticulitis and other conditions of the gut and colon, which can be seriously irritated by the treatment. Any good clinic administering colonics will screen patients for these things, but it's a good idea to get informed beforehand.

5) Electronic Lymphatic Therapy

Chances are, you haven't heard of ELT. I know I hadn't, not until I was introduced to it in early 2015, when I went in for my first colonic -- rather remarkable, considering how rigorously well-researched I was in health practices. Thankfully for me, however, introduced to it I was, and it was a true find.

As of writing, ELT is not very well known in the USA, despite some small popularity in Europe and elsewhere. Basically, the practice involves having a handheld electric wand applied to one's skin, moving over as much surface area as possible, with the goal of

stimulating one's lymphatic system -- which, in my experience, the process succeeds at, very distinctly. As I've made known in this book, I am acutely attuned to my lymphatic function, good or bad, and there's no question: ELT definitely stimulates lymphatic activity. I noticed it within minutes of my first session, it having all the telltale indicators of lymphatic activation, including the opening of my breathing. Needless to say, deep breathing pairs wonderfully with an ELT session (as do colonics, as mentioned above; with both services being offered from the same spa, I would literally follow up my colonics with an ELT session, back-to-back, deep breathing all the while). Additionally, ELT just feels *good*, enhancing wellbeing in a general, all-over sense that I've observed from the start (though I have yet to identify or quantify this effect). Never in my life have I experienced such blissful relaxation as when receiving ELT after a good, cleansing colonic. Peanut butter and jelly come to mind.

As far as ELT's mechanism of action, it supposedly uses ozone and electric current to stimulate the lymphatic system through the skin (with benefit for the nervous system in general). Based on my personal observations of the therapy, I suspect that it also has an energetic effect, perhaps "cleansing" one's energetic infrastructure in some way, and/or removing various "blockages" like the Zappicator. In practice, on the other hand, ELT is a bit murky in regards to what exactly it does, and how. Really, I only know that it's a wonderful means of stimulating my lymphatic system while improving wellbeing, and that it does so with zero side-effects (insofar as I've experienced). On top of it all, it's rather inexpensive, and can be done in-home as well.

One footnote about ELT: it seems to improve with repetition. I did notice significant benefits right away (within hours after having it applied to my enlarged prostate, the gland had shrunk to the point that I was able to urinate normally), but I did observe a strengthening of effect with subsequent sessions. According to what I've read, this is normal.

Safety-wise, I'll repeat that I've undergone regular ELT sessions with only positive results; but I'm not you. Being an electronic treatment like Zapping, the obvious warning regarding Pacemakers and the like applies here. But, once again, any clinician offering ELT will inform you on the possible risks and contraindications (or, if they don't, find another).

All in all, I can confidently attest that ELT was another strong weapon in my recovery arsenal, working alongside the rest to elevate me from "improved" to "excellent."

* * *

There's an interesting footnote regarding the ELT treatment: the curious case of the "violet ray device."

I first encountered the violet ray device when researching ELT treatment, and, as it were, the two appear to be closely connected (if not identical, the same technology applied under different names). The device, a brainchild of Nikola Tesla, the legendary scientist

and inventor, first appeared at the turn of the twentieth century, when it enjoyed a period of use in various medical and aesthetic applications (violet ray treatment was, coincidentally, promoted in some of the Edgar Cayce readings, like several other treatments I've detailed in this book). Like the Zapper machine, the violet ray falls into the category of “electro-therapy,” working by applying electrical current to the body (combined with ozone gas, in this case). Physically, the device itself is an oblong, hand-held gizmo with a removable glass-and-metal attachment on the end (these coming in various shapes and sizes, for reasons of bodily convenience during application). The attachment turns a crisp, lovely violet during use, hence the name. The end result looks to be a cross between a hairdryer, a branding iron, and a classic sci-fi ray gun (complete with a cliché, sound-reel *buzz!* when fired up).



A violet ray “wand” and its attachments

To use it, one simply selects the appropriate attachment, plugs in the wand, then flips a switch and applies the glowing glass to the skin in various prescribed ways. Different conditions are assigned different attachments, application styles, and durations of treatment. Claimed benefits range from general support and wellbeing, to vanity appeal (the violet ray is said to work great on certain skin- and hair conditions), to more-substantial therapy and healing, sometimes to near-miraculous levels. Poke around online, and you'll find violet ray devices being sold under the banner of everything from hair removal to full-body healing. Of course, with the violet ray being anything but FDA-approved, you'll also find the usual opposition to its sale and use, with many people denouncing the violet ray as total, worthless quackery.

As far as the mechanism behind this controversial wonder-device, the theory is, again, suspiciously like ELT: rejuvenate the body through electric current applied in the right places, combined with ozone (upon firing up the device, the ozone can be readily

smelled). In fact, the applicator “wand” used in my clinical ELT sessions does very closely resemble that of many violet ray devices (also, they both produce that distinctive ozone aroma); from all outward appearances, the two are indeed the same technology and methodology, just presented under different labels. Historically, during the violet ray's early-twentieth-century heyday, it was used primarily in medical applications, before being quietly forgotten, to be consigned to the collective dumping ground of past technologies, whatever its merit (as so often happens from generation to generation, constantly unacknowledged, so that history is allowed to repeat itself). And, naturally, like so many of these forgotten technologies, the violet ray seems to have reemerged under a new name, “ELT” (though I'm still not 100% sure of just how related the two are; one marked difference I've noted, for instance, is that the ELT wand is decidedly *orange*, not violet).

Why am I mentioning the violet ray device? Because I bought one, and found it rather interesting in effect.

Upon learning of the violet ray device, I was at once intrigued, and quite curious. After some initial research, I was left with the usual schism in opinion, with some folks praising the violet ray as something of a savior-machine, others treating it as nothing more than a hair-care product, and a third camp vehemently denouncing it. So of course my unquenched curiosity led me to obtain one of these violet-ray gizmos and experiment with it, if only to settle for myself whether its proponents or detractors were right. And, after doing so, I am inclined to side with the device's fans, for, in my experimentation with the violet ray device, it does indeed seem to exert some kind of positive effect on the body, and in a way consistent with the theories of electromagnetic healing.

My use of the violet ray device was dead simple: every night just before bed, I did a six-minute session, holding the violet-glowing attachment in each hand for three minutes (as prescribed by a Cayce reading, said to be for general support of the body and nervous system). And that was all it took to see results, for I observed improvement right from the initial session. Besides a general “zap” of good energy while actually holding the device (which was quite noticeable, and enjoyable), I experienced a second immediate effect, a distinct, all-over warmth that washed over me within minutes of finishing the session and then lying down to sleep. This effect is difficult to describe, being both a bodily warmth and a subtler, “energetic” sensation; but, in a word, it was good, so much that I took immediate notice -- and immediately wanted *more*. And indeed, more I got, for this effect proved consistent and reproducible, always arriving right on cue some minutes afterward -- marvelous! And that was just the start, for I found myself sleeping consistently better -- longer and deeper, and more restfully (which was, coincidentally, just what the Cayce reading named as one of the main benefits of using the device in this manner). So strongly was my sleep improved, I would suggest placebo as an explanation, except that, first, I can confidently say that I'm armed against placebo enough to identify its presence and influence, and, second, that nothing -- *nothing* -- had helped my chronic insomnia prior to this, even as I began to show real progress in my healing and recovery. I was wowed; it felt something like being in love.

Ladies and gentlemen, I don't know how the violet ray device works, exactly, but it does truly seem to work. Consider me a convert.

The violet ray device would prove to have long-term benefit, also. Once again, I can't say just how much it helped me, since I began using it amidst my whirlwind of bodywork and other treatments; however, I know that it did have some type of long-term, therapeutic value, if only because of those lovely rushes of full-body warmth, which began to arrive randomly throughout the day, even when many hours separated it and my bedtime violet-ray session; and, so distinctive was this warmth, I can confidently say that I wasn't confusing it with something else. Perhaps the warmth signaled an immunological or glandular process being stimulated; or, perhaps it was just a manifestation of plain old good health. Whatever it was (or, rather, is, for I still experience this effect regularly), it was good, and my sleep stayed improved. So, in regards to effectiveness of the violet ray device, I can vouch for it in this regard: that it *somehow*, does *something*, and that “something” does indeed appear to be positive and helpful (and, in my usage of the violet ray, wholly free of side effects, or drawbacks of any kind).

Interestingly, my experience with the device might only be the tip of the iceberg of its applications. It's said to function differently depending on how it's used on the body, and for how long, yet I have only used it in that one way (holding it in each hand three minutes, before bed); so, with my usage limited to the most basic variant (as opposed to the several other, more-specific modalities I've seen listed), I might be seeing just one sliver of the violet ray's full potential. (I did try doing two sessions a day, spread between morning and bedtime, but this brought no added benefit that I'm aware of, suggesting I was gilding the lily.) If the technology between it and the ELT truly is one in the same, then I can indeed see a vast, granular spectrum of applications, since my at-home usage of the device is, as it were, quite different from the effects I've received from an ELT session (which applies the wand over the entire body, and in different ways and intensities, for much longer than three minutes).

As for safety, I can only repeat that my romance with the violet ray device has had, to my knowledge, no negative effects. But, once more, I am not you, and I can give no guarantee that you won't respond wholly differently to the practice. Here, I must again state the obvious warning against such “electro-therapy” if you have a Pacemaker or some other delicate composition. Beyond those things, though, I can say that the violet ray device seems quite safe, for what it's worth.

6) Reiki

Reiki is hard to describe, for several reasons.

A non-religious, multifaceted discipline originating in Japan, the practice is neither “medicinal” nor “mystical,” yet can be used to these ends, plus more. If only for its enigmatic air, Reiki could be described as one of the more “fringe” treatments I took advantage of (though I'm hesitant to use such a potentially derogatory term, since I believe that Reiki, like many things labeled “paranormal” or “supernatural,” is, in reality,

just a natural phenomenon that is not yet generally understood in Western scientific terms, creating an esoteric illusion). Though Reiki treatments vary greatly, a typical session will involve the laying on of hands, paired with conscious intention on the part of the Reiki “master” (a title that denotes not accomplishment or stature but only “attunement” to the Reiki discipline). For these reasons, Reiki has, naturally, earned skepticism and derision within the usual circles, as well as simple oversight within the general populace. And, to confuse things further, there's no real standard constituting a proper “Reiki treatment,” because the practice is so broad and flexible and, thus, is highly personalized. Reiki is more energy work than bodywork, yet the two overlap enough that one is often paired with another (as with my craniosacral practitioner employing Reiki in her sessions, and my Reiki master employing mild bodywork in *her* sessions, etcetera, suggesting that Reiki simply works on that same energetic infrastructure of the body that I keep referring to, as to share space with many other treatments). Combine these traits with the practice's subtlety and the many common misconceptions that have been attached to it, and it's easy to see how Reiki could be confused with empty mysticism.

For me, however, Reiki has proved to be anything but empty. During that final, bodywork-intensive phase of my recovery, I received Reiki from two separate “masters,” with great benefit. The first was, as mentioned, my craniosacral practitioner, who billed herself and her treatments as primarily craniosacral with a “side” of Reiki. The second, on the other hand, advertised as primarily Reiki, with sides of nutritional counseling and general guidance. In the end, however, the Reiki portions of each master's treatments were distinct enough for me to recognize and isolate, and I did make some rather interesting observations. First and foremost is the Reiki “energy” I received, via the laying on of hands. The effect was very pronounced, and, interestingly, identical between each of the sources I received it from, despite their being entirely separate, unrelated people (and quite different in person and background).

I'll never forget my first Reiki “zap.” Halfway through my maiden craniosacral treatment, my practitioner put her hands innocently on my chest (saying nothing, mind you, without stating what this touch entailed), and I at once experienced a distinct energetic effect, a rush of warmth over the area, which can only be described as that all-important yet unquantifiable “life energy” that I've promoted throughout this book. I immediately asked, “Are you giving me Reiki? That feels incredible,” to which I was answered, “Yes.” Since I identified it on my own, without expectation (or any leading that might result in suggestion on the practitioner's part), placebo was, thus, highly unlikely. And, further lending to the treatment's validity, this “blast” of warmth was observed between both of my individual practitioners, with the precise same qualitative and affective characteristics (and without any prior warning or signaling). An equally interesting footnote is that, immediately before receiving one such laying on of hands, the practitioner had touched me on the arm and I'd distinctly noted how cold her hands were, and then, seconds later, she performed a “Reiki touch” and I received that telltale “blast” of life-giving warmth (and instantly, through a thick blanket and my clothing, no less, such that, even were her hands physically warm, there would've been no time for that warmth to penetrate the layers between my skin and hers). In subsequent sessions, I

became so attuned to this energetic warmth, I could close my eyes and indicate, with 100% success, on what part of my body the Reiki master was presently focusing.

Also lending to the case for Reiki was, of course, the apparent benefit I received from it. In the short term, I noted a distinct, near-instant increase in wellbeing, physical and mental both. Once, within minutes after receiving a laying on of hands over my irritated spleen, the organ churned and “evacuated,” bringing almost immediate relief (from a light, subtle touch, mind you, not a massage or anything that might've exerted physical pressure). Similarly, I never left a Reiki session without a palpable lift of mood and energy, even at my sickest (and yes, I still experienced the odd sick day even this far into my healing, as is to be expected when curing any truly serious disease). As far as long-term effects, it's harder for me to precisely attribute what Reiki might have done in this regard, if only because I received it in conjunction with so many other treatments. I will note, however, that one of my best, milestone days, coming near spring 2015 in the last leg of my recovery, coincided suspiciously with my a visit with the Reiki master noted above (that billed as offering “out-and-out” Reiki sessions, not to be confused with the craniosacral lady). I'd gone to the Reiki master under the pretext of addressing a persistent and damaging problem that refused to be permanently resolved by my other treatments, and, within two days after receiving her treatment (which she'd indicated as successful at the time), I experienced a true, sustained lifting of that condition, for the first time in a decade, and without any other obvious factor to attribute the improvement to. I can't say for sure it was the Reiki and its energetic workings (which, I should mention, extended far beyond the laying on of hands I described, incorporating more-extensive elements I haven't even touched on), but the timing of the session and my seemingly spontaneous improvement was suspiciously close.

If only for thoroughness (and, perhaps, to satisfy the reader's curiosity), I should mention some other pertinent facts that lend toward the validity of Reiki, mostly those I observed in my sessions with the “pure” Reiki master I started seeing at the tail-end of my bodywork whirlwind (many of them during my very first session with her). After giving me a brief, ritualistic examination, the Reiki master began describing my life in minute detail, with a high degree of accuracy, to the point of knowing personal facts that couldn't have been guessed or inferred. She accomplished this without knowing much more than my name and the health condition I complained of, without asking any leading questions (or few questions at all, for that matter), and without any telling body language or other nonverbal responses on my part (which I had intentionally suspended, “flattening” my presence and wearing a neutral poker-face throughout the session -- not out of disdain or skepticism, mind you, but only as I do when undergoing any such treatment, to avoid corrupting it by my response). Initially, I found her accuracy in these diagnoses notable (especially in light of my previous experiences with Reiki's energetics), but not enough to rule out less-fantastic explanations -- until the middle of the session, that is. Then, the Reiki master announced, out of the blue, one highly personal, and highly rare, fact about me, one which only very few select people know (all of whom were hundreds of miles away and had no possible connection with the Reiki master). Not only did she know this fact (and without asking a single question or making a single deduction from related subjects), but she knew it with a precision and specificity that was simply too much to

chalk up to chance (especially in the context of the many less-specific but still accurate facts she'd known up to this point). Here, I would liken the odds to guessing the precise number of hairs on a stranger's head -- not impossible, but probably not going to happen. Also in this category, she knew, again without prompting or contextual discussion, that all my bodyworkers were female, except for one male, whom I didn't "resonate" with and might cause conflict with me in various ways -- which was indeed the case, on both fronts (as it were, I'd considered replacing the man with someone else for this very reason, my sensing a subtle "clashing" of our personal energies, this happening weeks before I'd even learned of the Reiki master and set up an appointment with her). All of this, from her simply performing her Reiki "examination." Of course, this aspect of the Reiki session could foreseeably be attributed more to the intuitive and "psychic" capabilities of that individual practitioner, rather than as characteristic of the Reiki modality itself. All the same, I find them worthy of mention.

In a nut, I endorse Reiki as yet another practice which has, in my experience, proven beneficial for reasons of at least short-term physical, mental, and energetic support, with potential prospects of long-term effect (perhaps highly powerful and significant effects, as it were). Once again, I can't say how things might've progressed without my adopting Reiki as part of my recovery regime, but I have no doubt that it made at least some worthwhile contribution to my goals -- certainly nothing to overlook, I say.

7) Chiropractic and Acupuncture Revisited

Though already touched on earlier in the book, the faithful combo of chiropractic and acupuncture deserves a review at this juncture, for I found them assuming new aspects once done alongside my bodywork regime.

Then, chiropractic and acupuncture assumed a supporting role, acting more and more as complimentary practices rather than main players. Yet they were no less powerful for it, and truly helped instigate and enhance that synergistic framework that's so crucial to such a comprehensive treatment. Once I began receiving bodywork in earnest, these complimentary factors became that much more apparent. Chiropractic not only offered ever-valuable spinal alignment and its many benefits, but it now reinforced my massages and craniosacral treatments, and vice versa. Acupuncture had an equally good rapport with Reiki, and also jibed well with ELT and the ionic foot baths. Throw in the staples of my continued Zapping, daily sauna, and deep breathing, and the regime really packed a punch.

As it were, I upped the frequency of my chiropractic and acupuncture sessions to keep up with my weekly bodywork cycles, which served not only to beef up the other stuff that much more, but made the chiropractic and acupuncture treatments themselves that much more substantial. With the bodywork's reciprocal effect, I found my chiropractic and acupuncture sessions to really start packing a wallop, as to be redefined from their earlier role in my recovery -- sometimes surprisingly so. During one acupuncture session in particular, undergone at the peak of this snowball effect, I was struck with an electric, full-body energy flow, excelling all previous sessions. Caught off guard and

overwhelmed, I found myself bursting into spontaneous song (which, thankfully, went unheard in the rest of the clinic).

The moral of this section: synergy is a powerful thing, capable of elevating the effect of individual treatments as well as creating something greater than the sum of their parts. Of course, this synergy is a bit of a double-edged sword, since it can, in some situations and conditions, be *too* good, rendering previously tolerated treatments intolerable. In any case, the power of synergy, and its ability to redefine a given practice, is something to be aware of, for its positive potentials as much as its dangers.

8) Juicing

Here's one practice which is a touch out of place yet still apt for mention in this section: drinking fresh fruit and vegetable juices.

I became a juicing enthusiast only at the very end of my treatment, just prior to when I really began to feel fully revitalized. I'd experimented with juicing fruits and vegetables in the past, having read of the benefits of consuming just-juiced juices (and, of the comparable devitalization of bottled juices and the like, due to pasteurization and other nutrition-destroying processing); but, after finding it to be both expensive and time-consuming, I gave up on it -- too soon, as it were, for as I found out later, fresh juices are not only nutritionally superior, but are nutritionally *vital*, such that they contain nutrients that are simply not found in such high concentrations elsewhere (nor in such an easily absorbable form). Once again, I'll refer the reader to external resources for the details, but, in a nut, fresh juices offer benefits beyond what might be immediately obvious (or understood, for that matter), as to be something of a therapeutic practice rather than a mere dietary decision. After all, for decades people have been reporting near-miraculous effects from a simple juice fast.

My romance with fresh juices was rekindled when I discovered a local juice bar. I was struck by the high prices (nearly ten dollars for a sixteen-ounce, all-organic juice), wondering how they could be justified; but, as with the ionic foot baths, my curiosity got the better of me and I indulged. To make a long story short, the juice seemed to revitalize me. Besides being acutely delicious, and refreshing as no bottled juice that I knew, I observed a marked improvement in my entire body and mind after having a juice, this effect arriving consistently within a day afterward. After several juices, at irregular times and frequency, I correlated them with the effects I was seeing. And wow! These things were *powerful*, setting off an energy-bomb inside me; it felt that every cell of my body was being nourished in some new and incredible way, as if I hadn't been breathing. Combined with the recovery I'd already accomplished around this time, the juices' energizing effect was even more pronounced, such that, while under its influence, sleep felt optional.

Yes, the juices were that strong.

And so they became a regular part of my routine -- albeit a quite expensive one, which led to the natural idea of buying my own juicer to economize. That, however, did not pan out, for I did not observe that wonderful surge of power from drinking my own juice. As it were, there was one big difference between my juices and those I'd been buying at the juice bar: the juicing equipment. I was using a cheap, consumer-grade juicer, which, besides being less efficient with the actual juicing, introduced *heat* into the process, as to destroy that oh-so-delicate nutrition which gives fresh juice its magic. On the other hand, the juice bar used a cold-pressing apparatus, which left the nutrition much more intact. There are consumer-grade cold-pressing juicers available for purchase, of course, and it would certainly be better to buy one in the long run; but then, with all my appointments and treatments and the need to eat and bathe, I literally just didn't have the time to prepare the vegetables, juice them, and then clean up, so I just kept patronizing the bar, where they'd come to recognize me. I was issued a "frequent juicer" card, which awarded a free juice after so many purchases, and I would complete and redeem several of these. And throughout, I continued to enjoy the juices' rocket-fuel-like benefit. They were, I determined, worth every penny.

A few tips must be noted here, for there is indeed a wrong way to drink fresh juice.

First, don't just do the logical thing and swallow the juice outright. Instead, it must be "chewed." To properly digest the juices and reap their benefit, the body's enzymatic processes must be stimulated; and, since these begin in the saliva and are initiated when one chews, we must, then, do so with the juices. It's a mock-chewing of sorts, moving the jaws and instigating salivation while swishing the juice around the mouth. As a rule of thumb, I do this quasi-chewing for approximately thirty seconds with each big sip, though this might be a bit overkill (arising from the paranoia of wasting my ten-dollar cup of juice, perhaps). Second, drink on a totally empty stomach, as to maximize both absorption and the *rate* of absorption, each of which is critical in the juices' benefit. Drinking them on a full stomach not only delays their absorption, but *hampers* it, due to the digestive demands of competing substances like proteins and fibers -- much like eating the fruit or vegetable whole, thereby defeating the point. Also, I learned not to add too much to the juices (other than some Stevia or some barley grass powder), as anything which would overly thicken or substantiate the juice would produce this same hampering of absorption. Third (and most importantly), drink the juice as soon as possible, as to avoid oxidation from the air and, thus, retain the juice's nutrition. If you can't drink it immediately after the juicing, store it in a sealed container, away from heat and light. As far as what to juice and how much, that's another big, and highly subjective, topic, and you'll find help for this online, also. Personally, I've found the best effect from a sixteen-ounce concoction deemed the "Purple Dinosaur" by my local juice bar, which contains carrot, apple, beet, ginger, and lemon (I sometimes order an extra beet with this, as I have reason to believe that the beet portion of the juice is the most beneficial, therapeutically speaking).

When it comes to juicing, something to be aware of is the high amounts of certain substances in many fruits and vegetables, namely their "phenolic" content, which some people are intolerant of. I've touched on this subject earlier in the book, in regards to how

I'm variably intolerant of the oxalates, salicylates, and tannins found in many foods; and here it bears extra importance, for many fruit- and vegetable juices contain high amounts of these substances, often more than could be obtained from eating the food whole. Thus, it's possible to tolerate a fruit or veggie fine when eaten in the small portions typical of a meal, but then be wholly intolerant of its juice, due to the exponentially higher concentration of its undesirables (and their speedier absorption into the body and blood stream). And that goes double for the fresh juices discussed here, for some phenols are deactivated or destroyed by cooking and pasteurization, so the tally then goes up even further. For example, celery: I can eat a stick or two of celery without issue, but I cannot tolerate a full eight-ounce serving of its juice (which takes approximately an entire bunch of celery to produce). For this reason, I drink a fresh juice only every two or three days, depending on my phenolic load from other food. Be aware of this pitfall, for phenolic intolerance can produce highly debilitating symptoms (which often imitate various diseases and mental illnesses, confusing the problem even further). It's easy to fall victim to the idea that, with fresh juice being so great for you, you should drink it to excess; unfortunately, that's not so, and the consequences can be quite dire.

The moral: you really *can* get too much of a good thing, perhaps to the point of it becoming outright bad.

There's also a moral in my juicing adventure as a whole: that appearances can indeed be deceiving, as can conventional wisdom, both of which would condemn ten-dollar glasses of juice as a ripoff. Sometimes, there's more than meets the eye, and those subtleties can prove highly rewarding.

10) All-Day Breathing

And here's another subject that isn't bodywork, yet is appropriate to this section, if only because it developed at the very end of my recovery: a variation of the breathing exercises, which I came to call "all-day breathing."

This late iteration of the breathing exercises was a period to the long sentence of my treatment, when I was regularly having good days and, thus, felt comfortable easing back on the full-out, two-hour-long breathing sessions (by then, I'd already stopped doing them daily). At first I just substituted that disorganized "halfway" breathing at odd times in the day, but this soon evolved into the more-intensive "all-day" breathing. It was just as the name entailed: I would, simply, deep-breathe all day, albeit in passive, halfway manner. Though, unlike the weaker, stopgap type of halfway breathing, the all-day variant was as powerful as the proper sessions, if not moreso. Because I would literally start the all-day breathing upon getting out of bed in the morning, then right up until going to sleep at night, the result was a slow, steady oxygenation that would build and mature throughout the day, eventually oxygenating me to the point of a proper session -- but, because I wouldn't stop there, the effect would actually *surpass* a proper session. And, with my breathing no longer answered by die-off toxicity by this time, I could function without issue, going about life normally as I deep-breathed. In effect, all-day breathing was nothing fancy, just the halfway breathing (a deep, full inhale through the nose, held for a

time and then released slowly through the mouth, with “pipe”-style constriction) done over and over again, every couple minutes or so, indefinitely. Alternately, I would take a sequence of three breaths, two quick ones both inhaled and exhaled from the nose, then the big, long one on a delayed exhale from the mouth; the addition of the two extra breaths seemed to enhance oxygenation, priming the lungs for the third, bigger breath and, thus, maximizing the overall effect.

Like the rest of the treatment, my all-day breathing “program” came about on its own. After scaling back on my formal breathing sessions in favor of the scattered, halfway variety, I found myself halfway breathing more and more, until it was automatic, just as part of my normal routine; and it stuck. My body tolerated it fine, if not *craved* it. In this manner, I would, after a slow start in the morning, find myself growing further and further oxygenated and energized, such that, by afternoon, I'd be going full steam ahead, oxygenated as I'd only been at that brief, climactic peak pronouncing the final leg of a breathing session -- except, without the *limitations* imposed by the formal breathing sessions. Able to maintain this oxygenated state indefinitely, while out in the world, I could apply that energy in new and wonderful ways. For instance, weightlifting was greatly enhanced when so highly and perpetually oxygenated, with improved stamina and outright muscular strength (not to mention improvement in mood and mental function). An additional benefit: this all-day method let me breathe while standing fully upright, which I found superior to the exact same breathing done lying down (or even sitting in an erect position). As it were, deep-breathing while standing seems to be more effective than anything else, and in a substantial, qualitative way (rather than mere intensity or intake). I first noticed this in myself, when doing halfway breathing at various times, before eventually reading corroborating accounts elsewhere (such as some religious doctrines which, coincidentally, encourage one to deep-breathe strictly while standing, as a means of “facilitating better energy”). Once again, I do not presently know why this should be, but it's a consistent (and highly desirable) effect that I've seen demonstrated again and again, especially since I adopted all-day breathing as a regular practice.

In the end, all-day breathing was a boon for me -- the final one of my treatment, as it were. As I discovered the benefits of staying oxygenated throughout the day, I naturally came to abandon the proper sessions entirely, preferring not only this new method's convenience but also its superior effect. By simply sustaining a highly oxygenated state (taking a good, deep breath every couple minutes, with a delayed exhale), I facilitated my healing more and more, as well as just improving my general capability. Even after I could've been considered “recovered,” the all-day breathing continued to show benefit, now just simply *enhancing* me as a person, indefinitely. Really, being so oxygenated just felt *good*, such that, even without needing to fight off a disease, it was only natural to continue it. And so I did, and do to this day, with no plans to stop. So, if you see me around, chest expanding as I whistle in a deep, nourishing breath, know that it's just my normal, now (the same goes for the contented smile I wear when fully oxygenated and running on all cylinders).

Of course, there are some precautions to be taken when so drastically oxygenating oneself in daily life, such that it's not for everyone. For instance, if one becomes dizzy or

otherwise incapacitated when deep-breathing (as high levels of oxygenation can sometimes induce), it's probably a good idea to abstain during certain activities (ie, when driving, or operating heavy machinery, or any of the other delicate situations cited in our era of existence). Also, if you're not much of a multitasker, all-day breathing can be just plain *distracting*, like trying to drive while talking on a cellphone. In short, you might want to think twice before all-day breathing, even taking the lightest and most periodic of breaths. Personally, I stop the deep-breathing upon driving and the like, then simply resume once finished; if sufficiently oxygenated beforehand, I'll quickly get back up to speed.

In closing, I must repeat: don't underestimate the power of “halfway” breathing, for, when done in this all-day manner, it can in fact surpass the oxygenation of a proper breathing session, even that of the original Éiriú Eolas program. All-day breathing is a Good Thing, to be sure, for besides its health benefits, it's just, in my opinion, a better way to go through life; but I endorse it only under the banner of conscientious, responsible use, as with a firearm or strong medicine.

Postscript: My Story

Adhering to this book's policy of minimal personal information, I will keep brief the account of my illness and hard-won recovery. Rather than pen a dramatic narrative of how I overcame the odds and reclaimed my life, I'll limit my story to those parts offering information that might be of use to someone in similar circumstances.

I've spent much time reconstructing the timeline of my illness, starting from childhood memories and other bits and pieces. I remember being "healthy" as a young child, in the sense that I possessed energy and vigor, without any obvious symptoms of disease. But that changed around age ten, when I gained significant weight, becoming just short of obese, and with a speed which was suspect. Around the same time, I began feeling "unhappy," and developed a steady nausea (though I thought this normal, not knowing any better). And then, at eleven, the bomb dropped: I developed migraine headaches, the first sign, in retrospect, of something truly wrong. From there, it was a downward spiral, with new and increasing symptoms of various kinds as I progressed into adolescence. Most of these, as I now see clearly, were signs of endocrine problems, and a general devitalization of the body and its resources (and "energies"?), all of which would lay the groundwork for the triad of illnesses that would in time consume my body so completely. Though mercury poisoning can afflict anyone exposed to a sufficient amount, parasites and systemic infection require an ideal host, one without the means of defense; and that was just what my toxic upbringing had groomed me to be.

My childhood, though not perfect, was functional enough to satisfy appearances of health. Adolescence, on the other hand, wasn't, and I became a "troubled" youth, both physically and morally (and, eventually, legally). As it were, many of my problems stemmed from my worsening health, which remained unrecognized, even as it turned life-threatening. Instead, I was seen, simply, as rebellious or disinterested, or any other labels to classify my wayward behavior -- anything but a child facing daily illness and its mind-numbing, behavior-altering effects. Mind you, I'm not casting blame or making excuses, for I remained an active participant in my self-destruction; but, no doubt, my health problems played a part in this drama, as to be decidedly influential.

Presently, I have reason to believe that the story of my unhealthy upbringing is a common one, in which a child's physically-rooted illness manifests in psychological and behavioral problems, thus creating an illusion that that's all they are. Furthermore, I believe that this problem is widespread, and an *ongoing* one, which is why I make mention of it here. We are, by and large, a sickened populace, producing sickened offspring, yet frequently unaware of said sickness, due to shortsightedness in our institutions and our day-to-day perceptions; and, as it were, I am a perfect example of that dysfunction, with my lifelong descent into disease illustrating the consequences of our reckless and unconscious lifestyles. But, I will go no further on this topic other than to state its existence, as it again oversteps the scope of this book.

As for how, exactly, I became ill as a child, I won't dwell upon that either, largely because I just can't say for sure. There are the usual culprits -- bad diet, no real exercise,

poor psychological and emotional hygiene -- and I have no doubt of their contributions. Though, as far as specifics go, I can't offer a conclusive breakdown of just where my health went wrong, for I am simply without enough information to do so with any surety. I've been able to piece together a few interesting, if circumstantial, correlations, such as the aforementioned aspartame-containing vitamins I took as a child, which seemed to coincide suspiciously close to the "unhappiness" and nausea I developed around age nine, and the migraine headaches which would prove such a watershed in my decline (supposedly, aspartame can induce endocrine problems, of which migraines are a prominent symptom). Beyond that, however, I can only speculate, which I won't do here. Instead, I'll just state what I know for sure: that I was once healthy, and somehow, somewhere along the line, something changed. And, more importantly, it would seem that that mysterious "something" was *lifestyle-related*, given that I showed no overt problems in my incipient years, then experienced a marked sea-change as I neared adolescence.

This part of my story, too, is of interest for others, because it states a crucial truth: that the things we do and the choices we make *have consequences*, even "little," everyday things, including those regarded as safe (or just a "little" unhealthy, or a "little" bad, or a "little" self-destructive).

Here, I'll skip forward to my illness's second watershed, that which occurred when I was twenty years old, and would mark my second categorical downgrade in condition and function. Unfortunately, this event and its circumstances are similarly vague and inconclusive, such that I can really only say that things got observably "worse," to where I went from sick yet essentially still functional (like so many "normal" people these days), to downright ill, with marked effects on my day-to-day life. I became regularly exhausted, even when totally idle. My thoughts became foggy and slow, as did my movements and general physical faculties. I became even more depressive and moody than earlier in life, now sometimes to suicidal degrees. I visited one doctor, then another, and another, giving blood and getting all manner of tests along the way, without success. Of course, knowing what I do now, I can identify these symptoms and their pathology as being from parasites and/or my systemic mystery-infection (the mercury poisoning, I believe, came later, after a period of regular ingestion of fish). But, because I again lack the facts to draw a sound conclusion, that's all I'll say regarding this portion of my illness.

From there, the next phase lasted for approximately eight years, through my twenties. During this time, nothing much happened, other than my condition growing steadily worse. I searched for cures; I tried treatments; I failed treatments. Doggedly, I continued in this fashion, year in and year out, but it all amounted to nothing, so that I was merely spinning my wheels -- on the surface, at least. As it turned out, my failed attempts at healing, combined with ongoing detective work, would in time reveal themselves as productive in an indirect way. That is, by learning what *wasn't* wrong with me, I was slowly led toward what *was*, and what to do about it. So all my "failed" treatments would eventually prove productive, for they gave way to the super-treatment outlined in this book, and my eventual healing -- not failures, but just delayed successes, in the way of falling dominoes.

Not that the path to my comeback was so clear-cut. In the meantime, before my quasi-failures would slowly amass themselves into this book's treatment, I reached a rock bottom in my condition, when my entangled illnesses compromised my body and mind to a newly urgent level. This flashpoint was reached at around the age of twenty-nine, nine years after I'd gotten too ill to ignore it anymore. Systematically sickened for much of my life, I reached a true nadir: totally exhausted, all the time, both physically and mentally, in ways I'd never experienced even in the nightmarish period following my twentieth year. Walking became difficult (when, being a landscaper, I had to walk miles a day behind a lawn mower). Thinking went from unclear to nearly impossible, leaving me in a depersonalized, incoherent twilight much of the time. My level of function plummeted even further, when it was low to begin with. In short, life became survival, as well as markedly dangerous, with everyday things like stairwells and driving posing a real threat to my safety (and that of others). There's more to this part of my story, of course -- more than I could ever possibly convey in this book. But I'll leave that to the reader's imagination. What it all came down to was, I reached the point of having to make a life-or-death decision: to keep going, no matter what, or die. Obviously, I chose the former, and I'll let that speak for itself.

Here, the salient point is this: that I got through because I *chose* to. It was the key to my survival, and to my healing and everything that followed. By reacting well, I did not succumb to crushing disease by becoming an invalid (or worse), instead pushing onward and refusing to be defeated (much as I would while undergoing the treatment, refusing to allow it to stress me, through conscious awareness and the good reaction it enables). Like the untold elements of my story, much could be said on the subject of choice and willpower; but, once again, I'll just say that everything hinges on conscious choice, not chance (or circumstances, or wealth, or other people, or anything else). Choose to do something, and you probably will, even against all odds. Choose defeat, however, and you're doing just that.

Moving along the timeline of my illness, it was about a year and a half after reaching my rock-bottom state that I began assembling what would eventually become the savior-like treatment outlined in this book.

It wasn't planned. Unlike nearly all my previous attempts at healing, the successful treatment would, ironically, come about almost entirely by "chance" (or "luck," or whatever we ascribe to things too complicated or inconvenient for our present understanding). It all started with the breathing exercises, which, oddly, I simply found myself resuming one day, for no logical reason that I know. Likewise, I did them differently than in the past, in that modified format outlined in this book, instead of the formal version of the Éiriú Eolas program (which I'd been unable to do since developing my back- and breathing problems). As for the sweat therapy (which I consider the treatment's other prime mover), that had a logical, overt reason for emerging in my life, yet was nearly as random and unexpected. That is, I started the sweat therapy, in the form of the hot baths, simply because I was *cold*. In the latter years of my illness, I developed an extreme sensitivity to cold, and in the fall of 2013, in the Appalachian mountains where I was living at the time, it was exceptionally cold. It created real problems for me,

where my cold sensitivity, which was burdening and debilitating to begin with (I would shiver uncontrollably), became simply unbearable when combined with the rest of my infirmities. So I did what felt natural: I ran a really hot bath, then got in. It warmed me, of course; but, to my surprise, it had the effect of raising my *core* body temperature, that which was so depressed that I was highly sensitive to cold. So vitally effective were the baths, they made me sweat, prolifically, as I hadn't in years.

And so it all went from there. From out of the blue, I was, through no conscious decision of my own, undergoing the two main therapies of my treatment. They were at first irregular and sporadic, but I soon found myself doing them with growing effort and technique -- and, after I started seeing some promising effects from these dabblings, I gained a sense of purpose. Some part of me seemed to sense the great, healing possibilities contained in those practices, though I can say that I never had coherent thoughts to this end. My breathing and sweating were, in a word, intuitive, and to this day I find it novel how this came about, in such stark contrast to nearly every other attempted cure over the course of nearly a decade. (More on this curious coincidence in the book's epilogue.)

The first effects I noticed were in regards to my lymphatic system, beginning in late November of 2013, after I'd been doing my breathing-and-sweating routine for a few weeks or so. As I described in Part Two when outlining the breathing exercises, my lymphatic system seemed to activate after years (or decades) of dormancy, and I observed that, after a back-to-back breathing-and-sweating session, I would feel certain sensations and processes activate in my body, which I would come to identify as lymphatic activity, and the detoxification which eventually results from it. Likewise, I would experience die-off toxicity after a breathing-and-sweating session, which, the more I observed it, finally piqued my interest in just what was going on with me. By that point in time, I knew of my parasites and systemic infection (and mercury poisoning, too), and so I was quick to realize that my new "hobbies" seemed to possess an immunological effect. With that, my interest grew, and I made a point of keeping up my breathing-and-sweating sessions.

This went double after another interesting development: I experienced new stirrings in me. That is, I began feeling those subtle "energies" I've described several times, where there'd been no energy before. I noticed them mainly while doing breathing exercises: little "sparks" throughout my body, or perhaps rushes of "goodness" or "coolness," moving up my spine. Furthermore, the effect seemed to be *progressive*, for I would experience new energies in a given area, "clear" that area out, and then experience the same thing elsewhere. Eventually, I began to discern "circuits" of this energy moving through me, in distinct and consistent patterns -- those which I would later correlate, almost exactly, with the twelve major acupuncture meridians (the summer of 2014, namely, after I'd begun use of the Zappicator machine). Internally, I described this mysterious process as getting "cored out" or "channeled out," as if some natural-but-dormant inner framework was being resurrected (again with parallels to my lymphatic system). Something was *happening*, something *good*, and seeing this, I developed even more resolve to pursue this strange diversion of mine (even when the hot baths became nigh intolerable).

The details of how I assembled the final, total treatment are sketchy in my record of memory, and, ultimately, are irrelevant. So I'll just cut to the chase and say that the treatment did indeed assemble itself, beginning with that frigid fall and winter of 2013. By the following summer, of 2014, I was practicing the essential treatment as inscribed here. Even then, the treatment maintained its intuitive nature, developing on its own, with all its logistics seeming to fall into place as if from gravity. In time, I found myself spending hours a day in this new regime which had all but fallen into my lap, breathing and sweating and zapping and earthing, and squeezing in some sunbathing on clear days. I felt like a religious devotee proving my worth, going from rite to rite as if to the crack of a whip. And, still, good things were happening inside me -- slowly, noncommittally, and without announcement, but something was indeed happening, and I wanted it to continue.

That spring, however, I'd faced a decision: whether to start working again, or keep up my intensive treatment. With grass season approaching (I was cutting grass for a living, then), I had to make a choice, for the treatment was far too time-consuming for both. Once again, the choice I made was obvious, as evidenced by this book; but it wasn't made lightly, nor quickly, since giving up my job meant living off savings (which meant giving up my house and other luxuries, and moving back home with my parents). I'd like to say I chose to continue my treatment out of some virtuous, romantic sureness of its results, like a movie hero following his heart against all appearances. However, it wasn't quite like that, for my continued illness (and desperation to heal it) had more bearing on my decision than anything (though I'd experienced some minor improvements as a result of my few months of treatment, these improvements were still in their incipient stages, and I was still a very sick man). If nothing else, the thought of facing seasonal allergies was alone enough to dissuade me from resuming work, as I was, after that punishing winter, feeling on the verge of total physical and mental collapse. So, between these factors and others, I chose against resuming work at my previous capacity, instead taking on a few token lawns and letting the rest go. Thus I continued my maturing treatment, but without much celebration.

My desire for the treatment was somewhat perverse, for not only did it mean surrendering the gist of my livelihood (and my independence), but I'd be subjecting myself to the daily quasi-torture of my routine, which had only intensified with time and additional components. Besides the stress of the complete treatment's demands, the increase in infection-fighting power meant an increase in die-off toxicity, as to be a significant contribution to my body's toxic load (already elevated in the first place). Factor in the sickeningly mind-altering effects of this fallout (anxiety, restlessness, confusion, distorted thinking, brutal depression), and it was a tricky situation. So my decision to keep it up was a conflicted moment, to put it mildly. In the end, my perverse determination illustrates the power of choice and will, to act in one's best long-term interests in the face of devastating short-term consequences. Also, there was, I'm sure, also some straw-grasping thrown in the mix -- perhaps rightly so, considering that the treatment was, as far as I knew, my last hope of a cure and anything resembling a life.

Note: I went into these details not to be gloomy (or boastful), but, rather, to make the reality of my struggles known to anyone contemplating the treatment. Yes, the treatment can be difficult, as with most truly healing practices, and moreso because of its comprehensiveness. Perhaps my unique complex of illnesses (and their toxic nature) complicated my recovery somewhat; but, by and large, I think that, unless one is undertaking the treatment for general maintenance of health instead of bottom-up healing, they can expect something along these lines, if a less-severe version of it. Indeed, the cure can be worse than the disease (temporarily, at least).

Here, I'll fast-forward again. Over the year of 2014, I refined the treatment to include a few more adjunct practices, and disciplined myself in the routine until I was doing it as steadily as humanly possible, all while tweaking it for maximum efficiency and effectiveness. The rest is self-evident. I kept sweating out the mercury and other accumulated toxins, cloistered in my sauna. I breathed ten thousand deep breaths, and tolerated the funny looks I would get in public. I kept up my mental-survival techniques against the toxic brain-fog and other healing crises, to stay sane enough to continue the treatment. I zapped and earthed and rebounded, and sought out any available sunshine in the way of cats. My liver, adrenals, and gut were patched up, and my cadre of bodyworkers pampered me like a newborn. I completed and redeemed several "frequent juicer" cards at the local juice bar. Those revitalizing "energy channels" continued opening inside my body, hinting at secret goodness, like some ancient grid awakening from the bowels of the Earth. And, eventually, it worked -- though not with the bang that might be expected. Really, there was no decisive moment when I was officially "healed." Rather, it was a slow, gradual ascent, spanning months, with regular setbacks (and no promise of success). The parasites and the systemic infection (which I believe to have burdened me since adolescence in some capacity), were oh-so-slowly defeated, in "two steps forward, one step back" fashion, without ever coming to a head. Sure, I had glimpses of that goodness at work beneath the surface; but that was *beneath the surface*, one which was particularly bleak, painful, and thoroughly toxic, staining my days with a darkness I will not elaborate on.

I believe that the treatment's effect on me was twofold: first, my complex of illnesses was addressed in direct fashion, individually and collectively, by the separate practices (sauna sweating out mercury, the breathing and other things killing my infections, etcetera); and, second, my body was simply *strengthened*, both physically and on that subtle "energetic" level I've detailed, so that it could both fight for itself and *repair* itself in the process. That's the treatment in a nut, as best as I can tell. If there was any real turning point in my long, strange trip, it was in November of 2014, almost exactly a year after I'd begun dabbling in breathing exercises and hot baths. By the end of that month, I observed in myself even more new stirrings and energies, feeling things I hadn't felt for decades (if ever); and though these glimmerings coexisted with my usual toxicity and the treatment's steady stresses, they were enough to indicate that yes, I was healing, if only by the slowest and most ambivalent of degrees. At that point, I was far too exhausted to celebrate (and too leery of counting my chickens before they'd hatched). So I instead commenced writing the rough draft of this book, while still pushing through the latter leg of the treatment.

And it's here, really, that the narrative of my total healing concludes, for it was this cumulative whole that at last completed my treatment and pushed me over the line to true health. Before long, momentum took hold and I began improving at an exponential rate, such that my cycles of "two steps forward, one step back" sped up until, at last, I remained in a general state of homeostasis -- no longer just surviving, but having made a flat-out comeback, like an underdog sports team winning against all odds.

How did it feel to finally be cured? There are no words, so I won't even try. Spend ten minutes feeling disastrously sick, and it'll feel good once it's over; but spend ten *years* feeling that way, when never feeling too well to begin with ... and there are just no words. Attempting to describe it would only dishonor the experience.

All I can say, really, is that it was glorious, in the way that only extremely delayed gratification can be, like the once-in-a-lifetime bloom of some rare flower. And I do believe I deserved it, if only for the sheer investment of time, energy, and faith required by my long, tumultuous treatment (not to mention the ten years of research and experimentation which *led* to that treatment).

Of course there's more to my story -- whole dimensions I've not even touched on, in fact. But these are, once again, beyond the book's scope.

Epilogue: Affirmations and EFT

There are two more components of my treatment, which I have until now elided. Due to these components' speculative, and perhaps controversial, nature, I feel it appropriate to mention them only in epilogue.

I speak of affirmations, and the therapy known as EFT (Emotional Freedom Technique).

The idea behind affirmations is dead simple, yet highly profound, if not downright miraculous. Affirmations in a nutshell: say something, and it happens. Yes, you have to say it in a particular way (and *mean* it), and results might not arise exactly how you'd *like* them to (or had anticipated); but, all the same, speaking-into-being is the thrust of the affirmation. Decide upon a desire, and then announce that desire aloud, daily, repeating it several times, in precise, intentional wording -- and that desire will, within limits, be yours.

Though there are variations of the practice (writing rather than speaking, and a whole slew of different ways to construct your final affirmation), that's the essential theory behind it. As for how something like that could possibly work, don't be quick to write it off. I've read several plausible theories put forward by various individuals, from altering the deep subconscious mind and, thus, shaping personal choices and patterns to reflect that desired outcome, to more-arcane explanations. Affirmations are nothing new, and I'd heard of them, here and there, for about as long as I'd been alive, without ever really paying attention. However, that was all before I read the story of Scott Adams, creator of the popular "Dilbert" comic strip and its many offshoots.

As Mr. Adams' experience with affirmations goes, he desired to have his unknown comic strip syndicated in major publications, which was rather unlikely, odds-wise, given the tens of thousands of competing comics. Having tried affirmations in the past (with some success, or so it seemed), he tried it regarding the syndication of his "Dilbert" comic, writing out "I, Scott Adams, am a successful syndicated cartoonist" fifteen times a day for six months. As it were, his cartoon was not only accepted in that time, but was, likewise, highly successful. Coincidence? Possibly; but, all things considered, there were enough precise, coherent elements in Scott Adams' experience for me to take note. (I took special interest because, starting a few years prior to my learning of Scott Adams and affirmations, I myself had experienced many similarly unlikely "coincidences," so many, in fact, that I ended up writing a book about them: *Synchronicity: One Man's Experience*.)

After reading Scott Adams' account several years ago, I made the natural decision to give affirmations a try, out of curiosity if nothing else. My experiment was simple: I decided upon something I wanted, formulated a direct, explicit affirmation to that effect, and then wrote it down fifteen times a day. It was easy and effortless, and even a little fun; but it didn't work. I repeated this experiment several times, starting out big and unlikely, then narrowing my net more and more, until I was aiming for relatively trifling, obtainable things -- but no dice. However, this was okay, for by this time in my life, after years of

being disappointed in my cure-seeking, I'd learned not to invest myself in any experiment, instead conducting them with scientific objectivity and then accepting whatever results were produced (or lack of results). So, after giving affirmations a fair chance, I moved on and, for the most part, forgot about it.

Now, skip forward a few years, to when my health had hit rock bottom and I was struggling for survival. Then, out of desperation, I'd begun taking new inventory of everything and anything which could possibly help me, however obscure -- and that's when I remembered affirmations. This wasn't much of a boon, given my marked lack of success with the practice, except that it made me recall a related practice I'd recently read about online: a new spin on the affirmation, something called "Emotional Freedom Technique." EFT was even more offbeat than normal affirmations: while speaking their affirmative phrase, one would tap certain points of their body with their fingertips, as to drive home the effect. The idea behind EFT was much the same as affirmations, to shape one's circumstances by penetrating the deep subconscious mind and altering their most basic psychology (or, as more-liberal proponents claim, to alter the body's most basic *energetic patterns*, if not the very fabric of one's personal reality). After some preliminary research on EFT, I found that it had attached to it a bit more method and science than traditional affirmations; and, interestingly, the sites one tapped while speaking their affirmation were key acupuncture points (supposedly, this intensified the affirmative effect). But, basically, EFT was affirmations with a twist.

I was, naturally, skeptical of EFT as much as I was affirmations; however, my skepticism is strictly healthy, in that I will suspend any preconceptions or reservations and give nearly anything an honest evaluation. That positive skepticism, combined with my being thoroughly desperate to heal myself over the fall and winter of 2013 (so that I might cut grass the following spring, an objective which I ultimately failed), saw me trying this "EFT" brand of affirmations. After all, it too was free, easy, and uncomplicated.

Naturally, my chosen affirmation involved my health: "I am healed." Can't get any more specific and foolproof than that. And thus began my second experiment with the phenomenon known as affirmations, in October of 2013. I made a routine of it: three times a day, I would repeat "I am healed" while briefly tapping the series of acupuncture points outlined in a web-based EFT tutorial I read (mine was from a Dr. Joseph Mercola, available for free online). I started it without much thought or analysis, as to avoid investment in its outcome; and, as time went on, I thought about my little EFT routine even less, so that it became automatic, like washing my hands prior to a meal.

Now, recall this book's postscript, in which I described how, in November of 2013, I began the core practices of the treatment -- how I *just happened* to rediscover those breathing exercises I'd tried but abandoned, and how, being so darn cold, I'd started taking these hot baths, which *just happened* to make me sweat therapeutically hard. Both of these things, which would prove to be the cornerstones of my forthcoming super-treatment, not only came about expressly "by chance," without conscious, logical direction on my part, but they cropped up within a month after I'd begun affirming that I would be healed. A rather curious coincidence in any case, but doubly so when

considering that these things would, as it turned out, end up *healing me*, in direct fulfillment of that curiously coincidental affirmation I'd begun.

Yes, I'm insinuating that this correlation might not have been coincidental at all.

For the sake of argument, let's suppose that, indeed, it wasn't just a coincidence that my desperation-affirmation appeared to come true, like that of Scott Adams and his comic strip. If there really is something to the affirmation phenomenon (and EFT), then the implications are big -- possibly *really* big. Even the most conservative theory is a lofty one: that affirmations, in conjunction with EFT tapping, "program" the deep subconscious mind in such a way that one's choices and behavior manifest the affirmed desire. Even in those confines, the inherent implications are enough to upset much psychological doctrine, for it suggests a model of the mind that clashes with that widely accepted. Here, the suggestion is that rather than our thoughts and behavior being mechanical and largely subconscious (and, hence, beyond our control), our thinking is, in fact, the total *opposite*, so that our conscious choices can, potentially, affect and restructure the *subconscious*, in a top-down manner. No small thing, that. It's the equivalent of the tail wagging the dog.

Though, however radical this theory might be regarded as by some, there are others which make even bolder claims, as to render the psychological model rather tame by contrast. The "arrangement" theory, for instance. What if, rather than merely affecting one's thoughts and psychology in such a way as to manifest a certain desire, an affirmation worked *objectively*, on reality itself? That is, rather than influencing just one's inner, personal reality, an affirmative thought actually altered *outside* reality as well, acting as a sort of subtle-yet-powerful force that literally shapes the external world to some extent? Think of the affirmative thought as an ethereal magnet, drawing objective things and events to its center and, thus, manifesting the original desire, the way some stars gather dust clouds and become planets. It certainly sounds fantastic; then again, fantastic is not impossible. After all, every new worldview or scientific paradigm has always *sounded* fantastic to those living, psychologically, under the prior paradigm; but that's just comparative thinking. Once explained and understood, the new paradigm becomes normalized, if not mundane. And besides: what is, is, whether we like it or not.

So, what if this "arrangement" of external reality via affirmative thought is, in actuality, just a simple symptom of the true nature of the universe, that which our present science has yet to discover (or yet to adequately describe)? Then, such "magical" phenomenon as affirmation wouldn't really be magical at all, but just poorly understood, the way that nearly anything appears before being explored and explained. And, really, I think the affirmation phenomenon could be quite un-magical indeed. Given how little is known about reality and the universe, such "arrangement" is just one possible way that something like the affirmation phenomenon might function. I can imagine any number of alternate means (such as, say, a combination of psychology and external "arrangement," where those affirmative thoughts could access some external *information*, of the sort the person "shouldn't" possess, used to guide them toward their affirmed desire, in a low-key way that would by all appearances seem to be simple chance or luck. Etcetera).

The point? For all we know, the true nature of reality might be far bigger than we currently think, perhaps so big as to transcend what's dreamt of in our philosophies. And, in that vast spectrum of possibility, it's wholly possible that thought could somehow, through mechanisms and mediums currently unknown, affect the very fabric of the universe. Scientific objectivity demands we consider such a possibility, especially since our information is so far from complete (as to allow for an enormous amount of unknowns). However, there's the added fact that *there is evidence for this phenomenon* -- murky and inconclusive evidence, mind you, but no less valid for it. For instance, my experience with affirmations, and that of Scott Adams, which both contain elements that point toward the affirmation phenomenon extending to external reality, unable to be explained by a fully psychological model of action. For Scott Adams' comic strip to be accepted for syndication, personal psychology could only take him so far before an external, objective element came into play. That is, maybe a psychological shift could compel him to, say, tune the comic toward wider appeal, or take it to a more appropriate editor, but nothing he could do or say could change the fact that there were tens of thousands of people competing against him, thus rendering his odds extremely low. But, if the thoughts "broadcast" during his daily affirmative writings served as some kind of force within external reality, then that opens the possibility for events to be shaped in such a way that his odds were lessened (or stopped playing a direct role in the outcome entirely).

Likewise, there were elements of this in my treatment, namely the "accidentally-on-purpose" manner in which it seemed to assemble itself. I mentioned how my beginning the breathing exercises and sweat therapy were both, for the most part, entirely random (yet coinciding with one another, and just after I started the EFT affirmations). However, know that there were other, similar events which shaped the treatment's development (and my acceptance of it) -- *many* such events, in fact, some even more unlikely than the coinciding of the affirmations and treatments. For instance, the rebounder and the Zappicator: first, I *just happened* to discover these two things which would prove to be integral to my treatment, from out of nowhere, almost simultaneously, when I wasn't even looking; and then, second, right after I'd discovered them and lamented that I couldn't spare the money to try them out (I was by then out of work and living off savings), I suddenly, from out of the blue, *got a thousand dollars*. I won't go into how, exactly, the money came to me; instead, I'll just say that it was highly unlikely, and chock full of such suspiciously convenient circumstances and chance occurrences that it all smacks of that "arrangement" indicated by the affirmation phenomenon.

Also, there was the surprisingly coherent progression of the treatment's development itself, as to suit my body and its tolerance for healing. For instance, by first having my lymphatic system "wake up," my body could then sufficiently deal with the toxins and such produced by the ensuing treatment, when I might otherwise have been overwhelmed. Or, remember the TMJ condition in my jaw, which hampered my breathing exercises when I retried them, only to be magically resolved by my "chance" discovery of an effective workaround in fall 2013 (consciously relaxing my jaw so that it hung properly and opened my throat)? The saga of my treatment contained all sorts of

stuff like that, all mounded together, as to make even the most rigidly skeptical part of me sit up and say “Hmmm.”

But, don't misconstrue: I know the evidence cited here doesn't prove anything, being interesting but circumstantial. It's just another offering of mine, to present my experience and my reflections on it. Perhaps my daily affirmation of “I am healed,” when paired with the EFT tapping, did indeed have a hand in that desire manifesting in reality. Then again, perhaps my healing was nothing of the sort, instead resulting purely from hard work and steadfast determination. Whatever the truth of the matter, I thought my affirmations to be a worthy footnote for the book, on the odd chance that it all wasn't just a coincidence.

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